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McKean County Miner.

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ED. H. MOTT WRITES ABOUT THE BUCKTAILS

Famous Newspaper Man Favors the MINER With Interesting Article.

TELLS HOW THEY WERE NAMED

A Number of the Readers of this Paper Will Find Herein Reminiscenses With Which They are Personally Familiar—"Wildcats" the First Name of that Old Regiment.

Through a fortunate arrangement with the brilliant author and newspaper man, Edward H. Mott, who is at present visiting friends in Goshen, N. Y., the MINER is enabled to publish the foregoing article concerning prominent members the old Bucktail Regiment, set forth in that talented gentleman's most entertaining style. Mr. Mott is now a resident of Huston, Texas, where he is associate editor of the Southwest, a widely circulated publication. He is the author of innumerous tales dealing with this section of Pennsylvania and his writings are received with favor in all parts of the United States. The article follows:

It is perhaps not known to many even at Smethport that the original member of the famous Bucktail regiment lives near this village, and it is doubtful if the interesting history of the beginning of that unique military organization is known to more than a few in the State to which it brought so much hard-won glory.

Although the regiment was originally enlisted by Gen. Thomas L. Kane, the idea of it originated with his illustrious brother, Elisha Kent Kane, the artic explorer. In one of his polar expeditions, which was his last one, Dr. Kane became impressed with the belief that a party of backwoodsmen such as he had lived among in the wilds of Northwestern Pennsylvania, would be of incalculable service in artic exploration, on account of their nerve, hardihood and iron physique. He never had the opportunity for putting his belief to the test, but when President Lincoln issued his proclamation, in April, 1861, calling for troops, Dr. Kane suggested to his brother, Thomas L. Kane, the propriety of supplying it to a regiment of soldiers. The suggestion was promptly acted upon by Thomas L. Kane, and on April 18, 1861, he opened quarters in Smethport to begin the enlistment of such a regiment.

A noted character in Northwestern Pennsylvania in those days was Arnold Southwick. He was known as the "Barefoot Preacher," from the fact that he travelled about through the wild region in his bare feet, winter and summer, delivering religious harangues wherever he found listners. He might with equal propriety have been called the "Bareheaded Preacher," for he never wore a hat, his white hair streaming down over his shoulders. He was six feet, four inches tall, straight as an ash, and as strong as an ox. It is related of him, among many others of his feats of strength, that one day he was passing along one of the mountain roads of McKean county and came upon four lumbermen who were trying, by their united strength and the aid of their team, to extricate the lumber wagon to which the team was hitched from a deep mudhole that had engulfed one of the hind wheels clear to the hub. Failing, they were on the point of throwing off the load of logs to lighten the task, when Southwick waved them aside, put his shoulder under the center of the hind axle, and lifted the wagon, load and all, free from the hole, and followed it along, thus borne on his shoulders, until the horses had hauled it out of danger of further stalling.

This picturesque woodsman had the marvelous faculty of cowing or taming wild animals, by his eye and his voice, and old residents of this region have related how they had seen him emerge from the woods followed meekly by beasts that would have been ready to tear another person to pieces. He had the same power over birds, and could summon even the timid grouse to feed from his hands.

Arnold Southwick owned a farm near Smethport, and for a year or more before the civil war began he had been content to let the bulk of the work upon it be done by his son, Samuel, who was only 17 in 1861. It happened that Samuel was in Smethport the day that Thomas L. Kane opened his quarters here for enlisting his regiment, and the boy concluded that he would prefer going as as a soldier to working the ancestral farm. He enlisted, and his name, Samuel G. Southwick, was the first name to be entered on the rolls. It was not many hours before Kane had 72 lusty and eager mountaineers enlisted, and as soon as he could do so, which was the same day of their enlistment, he sent them in wagons over the Sinnemahoning portage to Emporium, Cameron county, armed with their own guns, or with such guns as their friends provided them with. There was a good freshet in the Susquehanna waters and rafts were running, so this pioneer company of the future famous Bucktail regiment embarked on rafts, and made the rest of the journey to Harrisburg via the Sinnemahoning, the West Branch, and the Susquehanna river, and went into camp at Camp Curtin.

But when Barefoot Preacher Southwick found that his boy had started for the war, he followed him over the mountain, overhauled him before the company had embarked at Emporium, and, after long and earnest argument, which was strengthened by tearful reference to the great grief of the boy's mother over his going away, induced the original Bucktail to return home. Soon afterward, however, the boy left home again, made his way to Camp Curtain, rejoined the regiment, and served with it through the war. He is living now and owns the farm which he discarded for the army nearly 47 years ago.

While it would be a source of much pride in local history if the story of the company of woodsmen starting for Harrisburg, each man wearing in his cap or hat the tail of a buck, the buck from which it had been cut having been killed by the wearer especially to obtain the trophy for that particular adornment, was borne out by the facts in the case, and it may seem cruel at this late day to destroy that popular belief. But the truth is, the bucktail attachment was entirely an afterthought. When the first installment of the backwoods regiment arrived at Harrisburg it was received there with scant courtesy, and would have fared badly but for the patriotic women of that city, who for weeks provided for its wants. The men were rough and uncouth as a class, and were derisively pointed out as from the "wildest district of McKean county." They had been sent to Harrisburg under the name of McKean County Rifles, but they early became known as "the Wildcats." The McKean county men joined, day after day, by detachments of the same character of volunteers, from Potter, Elk, Clinton and other backwoods counties, and they all came under the common appelation of "Wildcats."

How it came originally that the regiment got the name of Bucktails is a question long disputed. Clinton county claims the honor for two of her volunteers, George McQuown and John Murphy. According to this claim these two men, on April 24, 1861, arrived at Camp Curtin wearing buck tails in their caps. They were enlisted at the camp. The buck tails had been obtained by them of Peter Smith, an old hunter who lived on Boon's Mountain, in Clearfield county. Their appearance, wearing the buck tails, it is said, gave the other volunteers in that regiment the idea which resulted in the adoption of the buck tail as the distinguishing mark of the regiment, whence the name.

Another story is that the name was not applied to the regiment until August, 1861. In the month Col. Kane, he had been commissioned Colonel of the regiment—was at Coudersport, Potter county, recruiting. A man named John Owen was working for O. P. Kilbourne, a few miles from that village, and one day in August he suddenly quit work and swore that he would never work again until the war was over. Kilbourne had been hunting that day, so the story goes, and had killed a big buck. Owen cut the tail from the buck, stuck it in his cap, and went to Coudersport where he enlisted under Col. Kane. The buck tail in Owen's cap struck the Colonel as a novel thing, and he immediately set to work gathering all the buck tails he could, in Potter and adjoining counties, and as deer were more than plentiful in these Pennsylvania woods in those days, he soon had accumulated bountifully of their tails. These he sent to Harrisburg to be distributed among the men, with instructions to wear them in their caps. He also thereafter insisted that every man who enlisted in the regiment should bring his own buck tail with him. Potter county claims that the whim of John Owen was the origin of the name "The Bucktails" for the regiment.

Whatever may have been the origin of the application of the name, it is on record that the regiment, or as much of it as had then been enlisted, was known as "The Wildcats" as late as May 16, 1861. On that day occurred the first funeral of a Pennsylvania volunteer. The day before a Potter county member of the regiment named Miller, was oiling his rifle in camp, when it was accidentally discharged. The bullet entered the head of G. W. Mattison, also of Potter county, killing him instantly. Mattison was buried with military honors next day, and it is on record that "Col. Kane led a procession of 300 Wildcats on the occasion."

But the regiment went to the front as the Bucktails, and all through the war hunters at home kept it supplied with tails from Northern Pennsylvania deer; not always buck tails, however. The tail of the doe was sent to the front in as large number as the tail of the buck, but no soldier of the regiment ever went into battle as a "Doetail."

It is related of a speculative member of the regiment from Potter county, whose relatives were numerous, and famous hunters, who wrote home and requested some of them to forward him a lot of bucktails, as many of the boys had none fit to wear, he said. The folks at home soon got together a barrel of tails and sent them to this solicitous soldier, who, being of a thrifty bent, peddled them out to the boys at twenty-five cents a tail.

A Potter county recruit in the Bucktail regiment was Angelo Crapsy of Roulette. He was the son of a wandering preacher who went about among the then sparse settlements of this part of Pennsylvania declaring that the end of the world was at hand. When Angelo Crapsy went away to war a citizen of Roulette gave him a rifle bullet for each State then represented on the flag, with the admonition that he "make every one of them count." Angelo returned home when his time had expired, and it was noticed that he was given over to frequent fits of despondency and gloom, during which he would be heard to exclaim, in despairing tones, "Every bullet counted! Every one!" These moods became more seated as time passed. Crapsy had been a great hunter, and one day in the fall of 1864 he was out with a party of deer hunters, and took a stand on a runway near Roulette. Long before the deer could have come his way the sharp report of his rifle was heard. They found him sitting with his back against a tree, dead, with a rifle ball wound in his temple. His rifle lay across his lap. No one doubted that he was a suicide, and the belief was, and is, that he had known, or believed, that he had killed a man with every bullet he had taken with him from home, and the memory of it all haunted him so that he had sought death himself to escape it.

Ed Mott.

Remarkable Wreck.

A dispatch dated Sunday last says: East-bound express No. 18 on the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a derailed freight near Bolivar, Pa., this evening. The passengers on the express were shaken up but none were injured.

None of the passenger cars left the rails but owing to the impact of the shock most of the passengers were hurled from their seats and a number were severely bruised and cut by flying glass. So far as is known, none were seriously injured. The train consisted of five mail cars, two express cars and three day coaches, drawn by two locomotives. The front locomotive was almost demolished, but the engineer and fireman escaped with their lives.

Shortly after seven o'clock an extra freight train hit a broken rail just outside of Bolivar, which is 18 miles east of Pittsburg, and 20 cars were smashed and piled up across the tracks. The Chicago mail was following it so closely that the crew of the wrecked freight train had no time to get out a warning.

Four persons were hurt in the wreck of the freight.

No Mother to Guide Her

Is a melo-drama of great power, disclosing a story of wonderful, vibrant interest, teeming with emotion and heart throbs, interspersed with lines of comedy; giving it as it were a laugh between a tear. It teaches a great moral, the story is one that should meet with a responsive chord in those who are touched with the theme as expressed in the struggles of a young girl sent out to fight the battles of life without the kindly counsel and protecting care of a mother. The stage characters shown in this dramatic vehicle are of an exceeding interest, the play is of the strenuous sort, filled with exciting climaxes as the result of natural situations, in fact it discloses a bit of realism seldom found among players. "No Mother to Guide Her" will be presented at the Lyceum to-night. Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents. Seats now on sale at Wells' drug store.

Will Celebrate Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richmond, well known and highly respected residents, will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary at their home, corner of Green and Franklin streets, next Saturday, Dec. 28. They will be at home to their many friends from 3 until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The Travelers' Club, of which Mrs. Richmond is a member, will visit them.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 8x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Larabee farm on shares. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

"Druggist" Cigars everywhere.

BROKE HER ARM.

Mrs. C. Herzog the Victim of a Painful Accident Sunday Last.

On Sunday last Mrs. Cristian Herzog of Center street met with a painful accident and now result will be confined to her home for some time. She was thrown from a cutter at the corner of Bank and Mechanic streets and her left arm broken.

Mrs. C. Herzog, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Herzog, and granddaughter, Harriet, were enjoying a sleigh ride and started to make the turn from Bank to Mechanic street when the cutter struck the horse's heels and caused the animal to jump forward overturning the cutter and throwing the occupants forcably to the ground. Mrs. Wm. Herzog and daughter escaped with slight bruises, but Mrs. C. Herzog sustained the heaviest shock of the fall and was injured as above stated.

Geo. W. Shilleun Dead.

Tuesday, O. A. Burdick received a message announcing the death of Geo. W. Shilleun, which occurred at Punxsutawney Monday night. No additional particulars have been received, but the supposition is that his death was very sudden and caused from heart disease.

Mr. Schilleun was engaged in the merchant tailoring business in Smethport for a number of years. He came to this place from Punxsutawney and about a year ago disposed of his business in town and returned to his former home. During his stay in Smethport Mr. Shilleun became very popular with a large circle of friends, who were sadly shocked at the sudden report of his death. He was a member of Smethport Hose company, and during his residence in this town took an active part in the duties of that organization both in fire service and in social affairs. He was also a member of the I. O. R. M., and the People's Mutual Life Insurance Association. He was a kind-hearted genial, companionable man whose death is greatly regretted, and the many friends of the family in Smethport extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved wife and little daughter. Mr. Shilleun was about 41 years of age.

Death of Martin Burns.

Martin Burns, an old and highly esteemed resident of Keating township, died at his home in Irish Hollow Sunday last, aged about 70 years. His death was due to a complication of ailments.

Mr. Burns was a native of Ireland, who came to America when a young man, and settled upon the farm in Irish Hollow many years ago. His was the experience of many early settlers in this part of the country—that of winning a home from the wilderness. He had witnessed and assisted in the transformation of dense forest lands into fertile farms, and after a long life of hard work entered into eternal rest with the respect and confidence of his fellow men. Mr. Burns was a progressive farmer and a good citizen whose death is greatly regretted.

Mr. Burn's worthy wife died several years ago. He is survived by one son, Martin, who lives upon the farm.

The funeral services were held Tuesday, the Rev. Father Dugan of St. Elizabeth's church officiating, and the remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

No Race Suicide Here.

Lucinda, Clarion county, is the banner anti-race suicide settlement. There are nine houses, one being unoccupied. In the eight families there are 40 children, ranging from 3 to 18 years. Not a death has ever occurred in any of the families and there is not a doctor within six miles. The largest family consists of nine children and the smallest, one child. Just over the hill lives John Bittenbender, father of 19 children, who is about to move into the vacant house in Lucinda. Two of Bittenbender's children died two years ago during the diphtheria epidemic, the only death in the settlement of 77 souls in 23 years.—Warren Mirror.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 103 Main Street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the 14th day of January, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m.

R. E. BURDICK, Sec'y

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 26 1907.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 46tf

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Dr. F. W. Hogarth, a well known citizen of this county, died at his residence in Port Allegany, on Tuesday afternoon, December 18, 1887, of typhoid fever, aged 47 years.

Dr. Hogarth was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on the 14th of February, 1840. He graduated at a Pharmacental College in Dublin, Ireland, in 1858, and soon after came to this country. He enlisted in a New York State regiment in 1861, for a short term of service, and in November, 1862, re-enlisted in the Bucktail regiment of this State, when he was made hospital steward. It was then that he became acquainted with Dr. Freeman of this place, and until the day of his death the two have remained fast friends. The deceased was with Dr. Freeman while he had charge of the Baltimore hospitals towards the close of the war, and when the latter was made medical director of the Northwestern Indian campaign, Dr. Hogarth accompanied him as an assistant surgeon. He afterwards graduated at the Buffalo Medical University, and in 1866 established the first drug store in McKean county, in this place. In 1868 he moved to Port Allegany where he has since resided, and in company with Dr. Goltry, commenced the practice of his profession in connection with the drug business. About the year 1867, he married Flora, the fourth daughter of the late David R. Bennett, an old resident of Smethport, the result of that union being two children, Leon, a young man of about 18 years of age, and Ruth, a daughter, of 16. Dr. Hogarth was an estimable citizen and highly accomplished as a physician. His loss will be almost irreparable to Port Allegany, and it is a crushing blow to his family and immediate relatives, who have the earnest sympathy of their many friends in this place as well as Port Allegany and vicinity. The remains will be brought to this place to-day (Friday) on the noon train and will be buried in Rose Hill cemetery. The Masonic fraternity (of which the deceased was an honored member) of both Port Allegany and Smethport will attend the funeral in a body, and the Masonic rites will be observed in the burial exercises. Dr. Hogarth was also a prominent member of the G. A. R. Post of Port Allegany, and the order of Sons of Temperance.

Oscar Engstroni and Miss Carrie Lawson, of this place, were married at Olean on Thursday, December 24, 1887.

Charles Molander of Mt. Jewett, aged 37 years, committed suicide by hanging on Monday night, Dec. 26, 1887. His friends can assign no reason for the act of self-destruction, as he lived comfortably with his parents and had sufficient money to supply his bodily wants. In his early life, owing to severe illness, he became deaf, and subsequently ceased to talk, but during his life the family have never observed any particular despondent or melancholy moods in his actions. On Monday evening his mother went out to a neighbors, leaving Charles with his father. Soon after the latter, who is quite an old gentleman, retired for the night, leaving Charles in the sitting-room. When the mother returned she found, as she supposed, that both had gone to bed, and in was not until morning when she went to call her son to breakfast, that she discovered that he had not occupied his bed during the night. There was considerable anxiety on the part of the family at his absence, yet they believed that he would be found at the residence of some relative or friend in the neighborhood. This belief, however, was dispelled upon visiting the neighbors, as he had been seen by none of them. Then the friends commenced searching for his tracks and finally found them leading out into Aiken's pasture, towards a spring where Charles had been in the habit of driving the cows to water. Just before reaching the spring the tracks led to the left and in a few rod from there they were astounded to discover his body hanging from the limb of a poplar tree. From all appearances he had been hanging there all night. His aged parents and entire circle of relatives and friends were overwhelmed with grief because of his sad death.

Gleams.

Oh time! I would attempt to raise
From before my eyes, a gauzy maze,
Of veil that hides some other days.
But a fancy peeps through the mystic haze,
As in northern zones, bright flashes blaze,
On silent nights.
Or as the fire-fly gleams,
By still winding streams,
Or as youthful dreams,
Come flitting past, in rapid flights,
Or as Christina light
Peeps through the night
Of scientific teachings.

H. S. B.—typo

Saturday, November 20, 1887, Claude La Fever, a young lad of this borough drilled a hole through the metalic end of a cartridge into the fulminating compound, and there touched a match to the same. An explosion followed and the boy's face was quite badly burned by the powder. Like the fellow out West who monkeyed around the business end of a mule, Claude is not quite so pretty since the above little episode, but he will know better than to tinker with a cartridge the next time.

Moses.—At the residence of his father on King street, in this borough, on Saturday, the 26th of November, of consumption, James R. Moses, aged 38 years.

Brakeman Injured.

George Elmor of Salamanca, a brakeman employed on the B., R. & P. railroad, was seriously, if not fatally, injured, while at work with his train near Mt. Jewett on Monday afternoon. He was brought to this city and taken to the hospital. The company's surgeons were called.

At the hospital the surgeons found that the unfortunate man had sustained a severe injury to his spinal column near the base of the neck, which rendered him entirely helpless. He was cut on the head and his hand was crushed by the wheels of the train.

Elmore was on top of a box car tightening a brake. The brake-chain had become kinked and the kinked part suddenly loosened and he was thrown to the ground. He struck on his head and was so dazed that he was not aware that one hand was on the rail.

Dr. Burdick of Mt. Jewett gave the young man temporary surgical aid and accompanied him to the Bradford hospital. The injured hand has not yet been amputated.

Mr. Elmore is 22 years of age and married. A pathetic incident in connection with the accident was the fact that he had a Christmas tree in the caboose of his train bringing it to East Salamanca to gladden the hearts of his step-children.—Bradford Era.

Fire in Bradford Yesterday.

This morning at 2:45 fire was discovered in a two-story wooden building located at the corner of Washington and Pearl streets. The house is occupied by several families, all of whom were asleep at the time. The inmates were awakened by smoke, but before they escaped three men were bruised—one seriously.

Tony Overlight, employed at Collin's livery barn, was burned seriously and later was taken in an ambulance to the hospital. George Cohen and John Lynch were burned about the hands and face and their hair was singed.

These men escaped from the burning structure without clothing and the cold night air caused them much suffering. Other inmates, men, women and children escaped in like manner, but were not burned.—Era.

Willing to Wed in Prison.

According to the Buffalo Express Cyril C. Scott, who is under arrest in Buffalo on the charge of forgery, has been held for trial. The Express states that Scott's sweetheart, whose name is given as Lillian Schroder of Bradford, was willing to wed the young man in prison. A minister, it is claimed, persuaded her to wait until the case against the alleged "Jim the Penman," who is a Rochester product, will have been disposed of. Scott is charged with passing a forged check on Harry Murray of Buffalo for $24. It is stated that he is wanted at Rochester on a similar complaint.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 21, 1907:

John Abbot, Miss Mollie Bradley, Thomas Delmaster, Mrs. A. R. Fitch, J. F. Henry, August Mead, Ernest Peters, Bert Peasley, Thomas Richardson, Jesse Robinson. Foreign—Miss Minnie Davis.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Sunday Hack to Newton.

J. E. Haley announces that he runs a hack to Newton Sunday regularly to meet the 8:12 train on the B. R. & P., and will meet all other trains when notified in advance. Leave word at Haley's livery or C. H. Dickenson's store.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 40-tf

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

5c Quality Cigar, "Druggist" Straight 5c.

Investing In Fame.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Miriam, her arms full of flowers, stepped through the little door leading from the stage to the auditorium. Her eyes still sparkled with the excitement of the evening, and the clear skin glowed brightly pink as the little groups, still lingering in the hall, hurried forward to compliment the leading lady.

To John Temple, lingering in the background, it seemed as if Miriam had never looked so lovely, and he pressed forward to take his place in the little crowd.

"Take the flowers, please, Jack," she said as he caught her eye. "Every one has been so kind to me. I feel that I do not deserve it all. You

"JACK," SHE SOBBED, "TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE."

should have heard what Mr. Stanley said. He wants to speak to Mr. Belasco about me. He is sure that he can place me with his company after a little technical instruction."

Temple dutifully took the flowers and stepped into the background. He hated these private theatricals at which his wife shone so brilliantly. Still more he hated Stanley, the professional coach, who had played the lover. Of course the love was all a pretense, a sham of the stage, but just the same he did not like to see his wife in another's arms.

For half an hour Mrs. Temple held her little court while the janitor waited impatiently to close the hall. Then Stanley joined the group, and Mrs. Temple moved toward the entrance.

"I have asked Mr. Stanley to have a bite of supper with us," she explained over her shoulder, to her husband, and it was Stanley who helped her into the carriage and took his seat beside her, leaving the front seat to Temple and his load of flowers.

It was over the table that Stanley sprang his mine. For an hour he argued in favor of Miriam's determination to go upon the professional stage, and in the end he prevailed. Temple, worn and exhausted with the struggle, pushed his chair back and rose from the table.

"It may be as you say," he said wearily. "If Mrs. Temple is destined to become an ornament to the American stage, I suppose I am selfish in withholding my consent."

"My dear fellow," cried Stanley, with offensive familiarity, "I tell you Mrs. Temple can't help being one of the stars of next season. It's in her, and it's bound to come out."

Temple made no reply as he moved away from the table and crossed to the library for a cigar. This was what he had feared from the time Miriam had scored her first success. Perhaps it was as well to have it over with.

A week later Mrs. Temple was established in New York with her mother, and daily she worked at her lessons in the dingy cavern of an unlighted stage, taking delight in the fact that she was treading the boards that nightly served as the pedestal of one of the foremost actors of his day. Stanley was a coach of no mean skill, and he worked with a will to earn the large fees that were paid him. By spring he was able to place Miriam in a small part in a Broadway production. The cost of the costumes was double that of the salary to be paid for the entire engagement, and the manager was glad to get some amateur who would dress the part artistically, while at the same time he was shrewd enough to realize the advertising possibilities of the wife of a millionaire almost nationally famous.

Encouraged by her success, Miriam gave up her summer to study at the suggestion of Stanley, who was glad to move to the Temples' country home and drive the Temple horses when lessons were not in progress.

He had obtained an offer of the same part for the coming season, but Miriam was not content to continue in a minor role, and Stanley, seeing that the end was near, suggested an invitation performance.

"Mrs. Temple can play small parts to the end of her days," he pronounced ponderously. "What we want to do is to force the issue—to show people what she is really capable of. We'll hire a theater, get a good cast and put on, say, 'Romeo and Juliet.' That will make the managers sit up and take notice."

"Very well," said Temple quietly "if the best company you can afford can be obtained."

Mrs. Temple, to whom the proposition came as a surprise, for Temple was a rather well-to-do man, but the ten or twelve thousand dollars that Stanley had declared the experiment would cost was a large sum to venture on a single matinee, impulsively she sprang from her seat and ran to kiss him.

Temple smiled gently. It was the first voluntary kiss Miriam had given him since her greeting at the station. She did not realize in her absorption in her work how little attention she paid him.

Once assured of the success of his scheme, Stanley went up to town, leaving Miriam with her husband for a week. He wanted to be free to make arrangements for the theater, and Miriam, in her intervals of study, found it very pleasant to sit in the cool evenings with her husband and watch the boats glide by on the river far below. Not until Stanley had left had she noticed how pleasant it was to be freed from his exuberant presence. She was sorry when her tutor wired her to return to town.

For six weeks she was drilled in her new part. Every line was gone over carefully and the exact accent studied. She began to loathe the lines. From the comedies playing in town and from those players not under engagement Stanley had made up an excellent cast. He had intended engaging cheaper people that his own share in the money might be greater, but for the first time John Temple took an interest in his wife's career and gave personal supervision to the formation of the supporting company.

Some few papers made half contemptuous advance mention of the performance, but the critics gleefully sharpened their pencils, but Miriam, unconscious of everything but the play, did not even see the half jesting allusions to the new star.

Then came the matinee. Stanley had seen to it that a couple was present, but in spite of the generous applause Miriam felt the insincerity of it all, and this added to the depression really inflicted by her knowledge of how poorly she appeared beside these well trained players.

At home among friends and neighbors whom she outshone the knowledge of superiority had buoyed her up. Now the veil was ruthlessly torn from her eyes, and she beheld her illusions with the clearness of an outside observer. To complete her lesson she overheard a conversation between two of the lesser members of the cast.

"Stanley stands to clean up $5,000 on this show, alone, besides what he made off his coaching lessons," said the first. The other laughed.

"I never saw a man with such luck at catching suckers," he said. "I wish I had the nerve. They tell me he's made"—

Miriam's call came, and she lost the rest. She lay upon Juliet's bier with the words ringing in her ears. In a flash she saw it all. Stanley, playing upon her love for the stage, had encouraged her in the belief that she could make a great actress solely for the sake of the money she would pay him for his services as a coach, and Jack, her Jack, had been called a sucker.

The odious word bit into her brain, and it was with difficulty that she took up her lines when her cue came. The tomb scene was mercifully short. She bowed and smiled to the fortunes over applause as the curtain rose again. Most of the audience was heading for the entrance. The chaperone alone remained faithful.

Stanley as the curtain fell turned to offer his congratulations, but she roughly pushed him aside. Temple had come on to the stage, and she went straight to him.

"Jack," she sobbed, "take me away from here. Take me home. I don't want to act. I want just you, dear."

And Temple, writing a final check for Stanley, laughed softly to himself. His investment in fame had yielded ripe returns, as he had foreseen.

The Lion In Africa.

Of the way a lion roars Agnes Herbert, in "Two Lionns In Somaliland," says: "The dawn is the time when lions roar most. They occasionally give tongue when actually hunting, often after feeding. The sound varies with the age and lung power of the animal and has many gradations, sometimes sounding as though the pain of doing it at all hurt the throat. Sometimes the sound comes in great abrupt coughs, and again one hears even triumphant roars."

On his native heath the lion is not easy to recognize. "One of the most extraordinary features about lions to me is the way animals so large can obliterate themselves. They simply blend into the landscape. Their brownish yellow skins, so similar in color to the burnied grass, and their agile bodies, which can crouch and wriggle like any lizard, play parts in the scheme for invisibility."

Lightning Calculator.

The expert bridge player's little daughter was a model Sunday school scholar. Toward the close of the year her teacher said:

"Susie, if you continue to know your lessons so well you will have a good conduct card for every Sunday in this year."

"My," said Susie, "that'll be a whole deck, won't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Incorrigible.

Underdone—My husband is complaining again of your cooking, Mary. Mary (reassuringly)—Oh, mum, I don't take any notice of him, for 'tis the nature of him to find fault. Ain't he forever complainin' of you, mum?—Illustrated Bits.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

WIVES IN KOREA.

A Humorist Who Draws a Moral From Their Silence.

It is said that in Korea after a native woman is wedded she becomes practically speechless, says Newton Newkirk in the Boston Post. This is in conformity to custom and caste. A Korean wife does not after marriage become absolutely mute, but she does not speak unless necessity demands it. And, by the way, if none of us talked any more than necessity demanded, this world would be full of large chunks of silence. The Korean wife does not chatter like a parrakeet. Hot air is something in which she does not deal. Of course if the house got on fire she would mention it, or if she were to step on a snake she wouldn't try to keep the fact a secret, but she does not talk over the back fence when she is bringing in the wash or converse with her neighbor when she is washing the windows. If she did, she would lose her caste and her social rating would slump faster than a copper stock.

Probably many a brutal husband who reads these lines will sigh and say, "Ah, that my wife were a Korean!" There has an impression got abroad in this land of the free and the home of the grafter that our women are endless and tiresome talkers. In the eyes of the lassoss the American wife holds the long distance record as a continuous conversationalist. And upon this impression jests and jokelets are freely built. The eternally talking wife is a prolific source of inspiration for comic weeklies and the vaudeville stage. Two comedians come down front and, with their noses touching each other, engage in a rapid fire conversation.

"I got a talking machine down to my house."

"Oh, you got a talking machine down to your house! How much did you pay for it?"

"I didn't pay nothing for it. I married it." (Shrieks of laughter from the large and select audience.)

But if the wife is voluble of speech, is her husband a sphinx? If a woman is a human phonograph, is a man a clam? Not exactly, not so that you could notice it from the road through the binoculars. Most of the husbands who like to joke about the wagging tongues of their wives are living expoundors of the let 'em talk theory. They are the chaps who have nothing to say and devote most of their time to saying it; they are full of persiflage, verbosity and primes. When they open their mouths their tongues run away with them. Stand one of these two same expounders of the obvious up beside a talking machine and he will make it sound like a whisper. Man, as he averages up, is full of bluff, brag and bluster, and that's worse than you can say of the average woman.

CENSUS HUMORS.

Returns of Occupations That Are Difficult to Classify.

According to an official of the census bureau at Washington, that organization is often puzzled to know how to classify the returns of occupation in cases where the enumerators have given a too literal description of a person's employment. There are two census terms to cover such cases. Occupations not included in the regular list may be entered as "O. T.," meaning "other things," or "N. G.," which stands for "not gainful." To choose between the two sometimes suggests amusing complications.

An enumerator in Iowa reported "drunkard" as the occupation of one of his men. The census bureau entered him as "N. G.," since the next column asserted this to be his occupation for twelve months in the year.

A New York enumerator who seemed to evince the inclinations of a detective reported several men in his district as "crooks," "pickpockets" and "gamblers." They were entered as "N. G.," although their occupations may have been more gainful to them than to their victims.

An Alabama man whose occupation was reported as "odd jobs" goes on the records under "O. T."—other things.

While some of the occupations which the enumerators give are unusual, they are probably correct. A tramp was described as "loafer, not gainful, unemployed twelve months." An extra thrifty person in one instance was reported as "occupation, maker." and another "lives on savings." A New England woman whose husband was described as an "idler" gave her own occupation as "washing and wishing."—Minneapolis Journal.

Danger.

"She was even more afraid of cows than most girls, so when she spied a placid animal recumbent under a tree, peacefully chewing its cud, she at first refused to go through the pasture at all. Her husband calmed her fears to some extent, and they started by, when the cow slowly commenced to get up, hind legs first, as they always do. At this the little lady shrieked with terror and said:

"Oh, Bob, hurry, hurry. He is getting ready to spring at us."—Exchange.

Blind Justice.

Little Willie—Say, pa, why do they always have a bandage over the eyes of Justice?

Pa—Probably because the lawyers have talked the poor woman blind, my son.—Exchange.

His Remedy.

"Out of a job?"

"Yes—and they put a woman in my place."

"Gee! Well, I'll tell you—why don't you marry the woman?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INSURANCE.
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In good, reliable companies

The Blue Pennant.

By PHILIP KEAN.

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Helen Marshall was always dressed with a demureness that made an effective foil for the bronze brightness of her hair, the warm ivory of her skin, the red of her lips. Today she wore blue—a trim tailored gown of deep colored cloth, a little cocky felt hat and a great bunch of violets that outshone all the other blues except that of the pennant which she carried at the end of a slender cane.

"You beauty," Holden said under his breath as he took his seat beside her on the grand stand.

She turned quickly.

"Oh, Irwin," her face was brilliant with color, "it's worth everything to see you again! Aunt Sue," she said to the lady beside her, "this is Irwin Holden, the famous halfback of two years ago."

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" Irwin quoted solemnly. "There have been so many famous halfbacks Helen, that it isn't any wonder that Mrs. McDonald doesn't remember me."

"But I do remember," Mrs. McDonald assured him. "Helen has talked of you so much—and," she hesitated, "of your accident."

"I haven't been able to walk well on two feet since," Holden said grimly "and this is the first game I have dared let myself see. It makes me wild."

"To think that you can't play!" Helen's tone was sympathetic.

"To know I can't ever do things that make a man worth while," bitterly.

"But you have done so many things that are worth while, and they tell me that you are writing a book."

"Oh, a book!" His tone was scornful.

"You might have let me know what you were doing," she complained. "I think our old friendship deserved that."

He glanced down at her.

"Ah, our friendship," he said, and two good feet when we cemented that, Helen. I wasn't a dummy on crutches."

"Irwin," she flashed out reproachfully, "as if that made any difference!"

"But it does make a difference," he said as he bent over her. "You know you worship strength in a man, don't you?"

"Yes," she agreed quietly, "but not always mere physical strength."

"The one isn't much without the other. Look at those fellows now."

Down the field came the teams. The bands of the opposing sides crashed out the good old tunes, college yell succeeded college yell, and the banks of spectators stretching up and up on the stars in solid masses of blue and crimson were agitated to uproarious noise.

"Isn't it fine? Isn't it fine?" Helen said breathlessly, having cheered the blue team to the echo.

Holden nodded.

"They are bound to win," he said. "They are made of the right stuff."

"I only know one of their personals by," Helen told him—"Van Dorn."

"He's the strongest man in the lot. He's an ideal halfback."

"He's ideal in more ways than one," she agreed.

He flashed a quick glance at her.

"I have heard you thought so."

"Who told you?"

"Some of the fellows."

She turned her back on him squarely.

"I didn't suppose that you talked me over with the fellows," she said over her shoulder.

"I don't," uncomfortably, "but one couldn't help hearing that Van Dorn is awfully daffy over you."

"So were you—two years ago."

She said it daringly, giving him a glimpse of flaming cheeks and indignant eyes, and then once more he was forced to contemplate the knot of bronze hair under the cocky hat.

His face went white, but he said quietly, "We are missing the best of the game," and turned his attention to the field.

All about them people were absorbed by the play. Aunt Sue, unlearned and unlettered in football lore, was oblivious to everything else. These two alone thought of other things.

It was at Van Dorn's touchdown that the place went wild.

"Oh, he's great, great, great!" Helen enthused as she waved her pennant frantically. "I haven't seen anything like it since the last game you played, Irwin. Oh, do you remember the little blue pennant that I made you pin to your sweater for luck—and it didn't bring you luck."

"No," he said dully, "it didn't bring me luck. I lost the game, I lost the strength I gloried in—I lost you, Helen."

"No, no," she protested, "you knew you always had my friendship, Irwin."

"But I didn't want friendship, and you knew it and I knew it. And I hadn't the right to ask for anything else, and so I kept away from you. But after two years of separation the temptation to see you was too great, so I sent you the tickets and asked you to come to the game."

"The whole world was changed when I read your letter," she said simply. "I have missed you so, dear boy."

Then for a moment he let himself go.

"Oh, Helen, Helen!" he said brokenly.

But the game was over, and a tumultuous throng poured out of the seats.

"Irwin wants us to go to dinner with him, Aunt Sue," Helen said as they went down the steps.

In their walk across the green they attracted more than usual attention, the younger boys admiring Helen's beauty, the older ones recognizing in the man with the crutch the famous halfback of two years ago, who had then been reported engaged to the girl by his side.

Van Dorn, flushed with victory, came up to their table at the college inn.

"I've won your pennant, Miss Marshall," he said, looking like a young god, with his great strong figure, his fair hair tossed back from his forehead.

"Did I promise it?" Helen asked uncertainly.

"Indeed you did," he stated securely, "and I shall wear it like a knight for his lady."

With her eyes avoiding Holden's, Helen untied the blue trophy slowly from the cane. In the sight of the whole room Van Dorn pinned it to his sleeve. He did it triumphantly, bending over her with an air of possession that made Holden set his lips sternly and turn to a tense study of the menu.

"May I come back and go home with you?" he asked, but Helen shook her head.

"Irwin will take us," she said, "but I wish if you have a minute you'd show Aunt Sue the trophy room. She has never seen it."

As they went away she faced Holden.

"Oh, he took things so for granted," she told him. "I promised as I might to any of the college fellows. But what will people think?"

"What I think," Holden said slowly, "that you are going to marry Van Dorn."

Her steady gazing met his.

"I am not going to marry him."

"Why not?" he probed.

"Because of this."

About her neck, at the end of a long chain she wore a locket of dark blue enamel marked with a "Y" in seed pearls.

"You remember it?" she asked as she opened it. "You gave it to me on the evening before that last game."

"Yes," he said, "I remember," and then as he saw what it contained he stopped.

Within was a wisp of bright blue silk stained and torn and crushed into that small space.

"It is all that was left of the little silk pennant that I gave you on luck," she told him. "After you were hurt I made them let me have it. I have kept it ever since."

His hand closed over it eagerly.

"Dear," he said, and his voice broke, "you know how I love you."

"I have never doubted it—even when you stayed away."

"How could I come? How could I ask you to marry me?"

"How does any man ask?" blushingly.

"But other men are not cripples."

"Oh, what difference does it make?" she flung out. "Haven't you the same mind and heart and soul as before?"

The light that illumined his face transfigured it.

"Marry me," he cried, "and mind and heart and soul shall go to the making of your happiness!"

Van Dorn came back presently, making triumphant progress, with Aunt Sue in tow. On his arm was the blue pennant for all the world to gaze, but Holden's eyes rested on it secretly, for above the heart, hidden from the profane glances of the multitude, was the little stained wisp of sapphire silk, the token of his dear lady's favor.

He Got the Girl.

"Mrs. Trelawney," said Francis Wallingford, "there is something that I have for a long time wished to say to you."

The president of the Society For the Squelching of Husbands looked over her glasses and frowned. She evidently knew what was coming, but after a moment's silence she said in her most impressive platform tones:

"Well, go on. What is it?"

"I—I love your daughter, Miss Gladys. I have reason to believe that she returns my passion, and I want to ask you to give her into my keeping."

Mrs. Trelawney's features hardened, and there was a cold, metallic ring in her voice as she answered.

"What recommendations have you to offer for yourself? How can you convince me that you will always love her—that you will always think her beautiful?"

"She looks like her mother," said Francis Wallingford. "That is enough to convince me that her beauty will not diminish as her years increase. Of course I know that this can hardly be regarded as a final test. You have not yet reached the age at which women begin to lose their"—

They were interrupted then, but he got the girl.—Cleveland Leader.

Guides In the Woods.

The sportsmen, sinking down upon a mound of dead leaves, looked drearily about the bare autumnal woods and said that they were lost.

But the guide pointed to a spider's web. "It is easy to get your bearings if you are anything of a woodsman," he said. "A web like that, for instance, is nearly an infallible guide. Spiders nearly always choose a southern exposure for their houses. This web points due south.

"Tree bark is another guide, for it is harder, lighter, drier on the tree's north side. Gum, too, helps. Gum that oozes from the southern part of a tree is firm and amber colored, but north pointing gum is soft and gray.

"The hardwood trees, the oak and chestnut and ash, have all their moss and mold confined to the north side. The cedars and other evergreens bend their tips toward the south.

"Even stones are compasses in the wilds. Fronting the sunny south they are bare and dry. It is on their shady, damp, northern side only that they bear moss."

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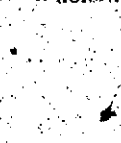

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store, SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 20, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"Miss Petticoats" comes to the Lyceum Jan. 17, 1908.

—The Grange Bank has a change of advertisement to-day.

—Monheimer offers the greetings of the season in his advertisement to-day.

—E. W. Strong has a change of ad to-day that is to your advantage to read carefully.

—H. C. Wells has a new advertisement to-day to which your attention is directed.

—The MINER'S subscription list is growing satisfactorily at present. Better get in line. Only one dollar a year when paid in advance.

—Saturday was the shortest day of the year and with faint hopes of scoring a beat allow the remark that the days are growing perceptibly longer.

—Peter Killbuck, an Indian from Salamanca, is a prisoner in the county jail. Peter punched a man in the Bradford lock-up a few days ago and therefore awaits trial for assault and battery.

—The Ulysses Sentinel, an old and valued exchange, will celebrate the New Year by moving into new and convenient quarters, which evidence of its deserved prosperity is received with pleasure by its many friends.

—The remodeling of the old extract works at East Smethport and the installation of machinery for the purpose of making it into a chemical factory is furnishing steady employment to quite a number of men. When this work is completed the Smethport Chemical Co. will have a spacious and substantial building and a well equipped plant for the manufacture of the various products derived from chemical wood. It is expected that the factory will be ready to operate early in the spring.

—Start the new year square on your subscription—and a good plan is to take advantage of the dollar rate and pay a year in advance.

—George Cowles and Charles Frank on Tuesday brought home a big red fox which the former killed with the butt end of his gun on the W. S. Wells farm at Little Genesee. A dog had been chasing the fox for several hours. The fox pelt was sold for $4.—Bolivar Breeze.

—A souvenir number of the Home and School Visitor, edited by County Supt. B. S. Bayle, has been received at this office. It is brim full of interesting reading matter, an article of especial interest being a write-up of Smethport by Donald Hogarth, a High School student.

—A Buff Orpington hen owned by a York man was sold one day last week for $400. The fowl took the first prize at Madison Square Garden, and is considered one of the most perfect of her kind in the world. The hen weighs four pounds, so she cost the purchaser $100 a pound. Can you wonder at the high price of eggs?—Wellsboro Gazette.

—The pink compositor agrees to announce the result of the famous cream-pie contest next week. Up to date he has received 23 crowns and one lemon and thinks there is something ominous in this combination. However, he is "game to the core," and if more pies do not arrive to break this hoodoo, his decision will be announced notwithstanding.

—A movement was started by the State Grange in West Chester to have an amendment made to the State law regarding the killing of bear. Tioga county started it and the claim was made that people should be allowed to kill bears at all times. Wallace Chase, a delegate, said: "The bears have become a nuisance in the whole country and Tioga farmers are compelled to stand back and see the animals come right down into the back yard to carry away a sheep or calf. It is an outrage and we demand a remedy." The grange concurred in the resolution.—Ex.

—Your attention is directed to the new advertisement of the Equitable Life Society of Pittsburg, of which L. Fosdick is general manager. This excellent society is represented in this vicinity by C. A. Burdick.

—Max Himes, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania between Kane and Johnsonburg, met with a terrible accident at Wilcox one day last week. He fell between two cars and his legs were so badly crushed that both were amputated at the Kane hospital. He died at that institution Thursday afternoon.

—The following account of an accident to a former Smethport resident is taken from the Bolivar Breeze: John Hungerford had two ribs on his right side broken in a peculiar manner a few days ago. He was standing in a wagon driving up Bom street when the horse became frightened at a Shawmut train and ran. Mr. Hungerford fell backwards from the wagon, landing hard on the ground. The injury will keep him from work for some time.

—Not long ago the writer was told of one copy of a country newspaper that was read each week by four different persons in as many different cities. As each man finishes reading the paper he mails it to the next. The last man in the list gets his paper free, but rather late. When time and postage are figured up three of these men would be just as well off by subscribing direct for the paper and the first man would be spared the expense and bother each week. But you never can tell where a newspaper will stop. A short time ago a man in an Arizona mining town picked up an eastern newspaper and discovered that he was being sought as one of the heirs to a large estate. The paper was almost a year old, but he made himself known and eventually came into his property.

Lively Cheese.

"The taste in cheese has grown more delicate on the continent," said a Paris chef. "A cream cheese raw is now our favorite, whereas in the past we demanded cooked cheeses of the greatest harshness and strength. Why"—

The chef laughed.

"Why," he said, "when I was at the Petit Riche many years ago a regular old fellow happened, a thing that hardly ever occurs, to call for one of the cheeses that in the past were eaten. A patron seated at a table in the Petit Riche called me only to the waiter.

"'Baptiste take away this cheese!' Baptiste approached.

"'Pardon me, sir,' he said to his patron, 'but can I fetch you some—'

"The patron made a gesture of impatience.

"'Take this away first, fang it!' he roared.

"'Yes, sir; very good, sir,' said Baptiste. 'We have some fine Gorgonzola or perhaps the Gruyere—'

"'Great Scott!' the other interrupted. 'If you don't take this stuff away at once I'll send for the police.'

"'I am very sorry, sir,' said Baptiste. 'Is there anything wrong with it?'

"'Wrong!' signified the guest. 'Why, it's eating all my bread!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Story From India.

An Indian merchant wished to dispose of an old elephant and took it in a fair. As soon as he had arrived he noticed a man who, without saying a word, began to walk round the animal, examining it attentively on all sides. The merchant became very anxious, for he feared the man had found out that his elephant was not worth much. He took him aside and whispered in his ear: "I see a customer coming. Do not say a word until I have sold the beast, and I will give you 50 rupees." The man looked at the merchant and wonderingly complied with his request. It happened that the customer had more money than sense, so he was easily taken in. When the bargain was completed and the elephant led away by its new owner, the merchant handed the 50 rupees to the silent man, saying: "Now I want you to tell me how you discovered the defect in his left leg. I thought I had concealed it so skillfully." "I have discovered nothing," replied the stranger. "It is the first elephant I have ever seen, and I wanted to know which was the head and which was the tail."

A Persevering Traveler.

A commercial traveler who is noted for his perseverance once called on a merchant and sent in his card, requesting an interview, says a western paper. Happening to glance into the office he saw the recipient tear up his card and throw it into the waste paper basket. The office boy returned with the old story that "Mr. B. was sorry, but he could not see him."

The traveler, nothing daunted, requested that Mr. B. should return his card, which of course he had seen destroyed. In a minute the boy returned and handed him twopence and remarked that Mr. B. had destroyed the card and thought that this sum would cover the damage.

The traveler succeeded in getting another card into Mr. B.'s sanctum, and Mr. B. read on it, "These cards are two for threepence."

He got his interview, and Mr. B. became one of his best customers.—London Mail.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone a little wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evident by mean headaches, nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public to-day for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than Kodol. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach.—Kodol is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Mad His Revenge.

The rivalry was great at the annual cricket match police versus publicans, and many friendly bets depended on the result. When the last batsman, Police Constable Robinson, walked to the wicket the police required only two runs to win, and naturally great excitement prevailed. He batted with due care until a loose ball came, and, hitting this past mid-on, he started for an easy run. He got home comfortably before the wicket was thrown down, but to his disgust he was given out.

"Why," exclaimed the indignant constable, "I was a yard past the wicket!"

"Mebbee," said the umpire in a supercilious tone, "but, yer see, it ain't what you say; it's what I say, an' I say you're out!"

"But"— began the irate Robinson.

"D'yer remember," interrupted the umpire, meditatively scratching his nose, "sayin' to me 'bout six months ago, 'Don't argue with the law?' Well, you was the law that time an' I was run in. Now," he added, triumphantly, "I'm the law an' you're run out!"—London Tit-Bits.

Pay of Army Officers.

A glance over the army list shows that over two-thirds of the officers are receiving less pay per day than good mechanics receive in civil life. The officer has no home, but must be prepared to live in the arctics or the tropics and change from one to the other at short notice. He must have equipment for both, and while in one place the equipment for the other is stored and deteriorating. He is sent on long journeys to distant stations and must suffer banishment from his family or take them along. Either is a great expense—on one hand for travel and on the other for maintenance of two establishments. His changes of station are so frequent that he must put his children in costly private schools or see them grow up in ignorance. Because he is an officer of the United States service to use the respectability of his position to add to his income commercially is regarded as reprehensible, and if he makes an investment he must intrust his interests to an agent.—Army and Navy Life.

The Old, Old Story.

Hot, tired and dusty, the excursion was returning from the seaside day trip, and Stinkins, a little bald man with big ears, overcome with his day of happiness, dropped off to sleep. In the hammock above another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Stinkins went to sleep the crab woke up and, finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring. By careful navigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack, but the next moment down it fell, alighting on Stinkins' shoulder. Not feeling quite safe, it grabbed the voluminous ear of Stinkins to steady itself, and the passengers held their breath and waited for developments. But Stinkins only shook his head slightly.

"Let go, Lilla," he murmured. "I tell you I have been at the office all the evening."—London Pick-Me-Up.

Men, Women and Adjectives.

Certain adjectives are reserved for men and others for women. A man is never called "beautiful." Along with "pretty" and "lovely" that adjective has become the property of women and children alone. "Handsome" and the weak "good looking" are the only two adjectives of the kind common to either sex. Even "belle" has no real masculine correlative in English, since "beau" came to signify something other than personal looks. It is singular that "handsome" should have become the word for a strikingly good looking person, since its literal meaning is handy, dexterous. But "pretty" likewise comes from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning "sly."

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Gentleman's smoke, "Druggist" 5c.

Subscribe for the MINER.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 192.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

Tangled Bank Accounts.

"It is remarkable," said an old bank employee, "how few people keep their bank accounts absolutely correct. At ordinary times this failing is not conspicuous, because books are usually balanced when there is still a credit to the depositor's account. When the balanced book is received with the vouchers the usual discrepancy is found after much labor in an omitted entry, either deposit or check or in the form of an error in addition or subtraction. The thing is usually settled at home without our help. But when a lot of women go to a bank, each one with a check already made out representing her balance, then look out. Fortunately I have had no experience in that way, but I know that not one woman in ten—and I am charitable with the figure—keeps her book correctly, and many women keep no record at all. We have one depositor who used to receive an overdraft notice regularly every month. Now, by an arrangement with her, we give her notice when the balance nears the $100 mark. Men laugh at the women for their failure to keep their bank accounts right, but except when a bookkeeper does the work for them the men are nearly as bad."—New York Tribune.

Finer Taste.

Since more bread is eaten in the course of a lifetime than any other one article of food, it behooves us to have it of the best possible quality. Even in this era of strict pure food laws flour will be adulterated, so it is up to us to be able to test its purity for ourselves. The chief ingredients that are mixed in flour are whiting and alum, both of which can be discovered by simple tests. To discover alum in flour it is only necessary to remember that it coagulates with milk. Soak a piece of bread in water until it is entirely dissolved, then put it on to boil with an equal quantity of milk. If there is any alum lucking around great clots will be formed. Even simpler is the test for whiting. Moisten the thumb and first finger with a little olive oil and rub between them a good sized pinch of flour. If it turns brown, but does not get sticky, its purity is pretty certain. Whiting's presence will be shown by a sticky, pasty feeling and no discoloration.

Just a little Cascarets is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascarets contains no opium, harmful drug or alcohol and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

Kemp's Balsam

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or "habit-forming" drug.

There is no Narcotic in Kemp's Balsam.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition. This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth of SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 26, 1907

IF A movement started by the women voters in Colorado succeeds, two women will be among the delegates to the Democratic National Convention and one will be Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, eldest daughter of William J. Bryan. Mrs. Leavitt has been a resident of Denver for five years and is president of the Jane Jefferson club. She is now in Europe with her mother.

IT LOOKS as though editor Lindsley had engaged the Eldred Eagle to assist him in downing the MINER, judging from little flings previously made and the following which we clip from last week's Democrat: "The Smethport MINER is installing a new gas engine. It is not supposed that the controversy now on between the two county seat papers had anything to do with this.—Eldred Eagle. If it had editor Buckus would have installed a wind mill, instead of a gas engine. There is far more wind than gas in his present vaporings—and it is mighty inferior quality of wind at that." Editor Lindsley evidently needs all the assistance the Eagle can give and he certainly is welcome to it.

MARTHA MARIA VANS, the 14th wife of James Nicholas Vann of Mount Hope, Orange county is dead, and will be laid beside the 13 other wives in the Vann family burial ground at Mount Hope today. James Nicholas Vann is one of the most remarkable characters in Orange county. He was born in Mount Hope township on April 22, 1807, and is therefore over 100 years old. Although he is colored, Vann's 14 wives have all been white, and he expressed a distaste for women of his own race. He has been body servant to some of the most prominent men in Orange county. He has preached, doctored and studied law, but is now getting so feeble as to be hardly able to get around. Many years ago his biography was published and had a large sale.

A REPORT from San Francisco says: "Relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jack London are anxious over the failure of the steamer Mariposa to bring mail from the author, who, with his party, in the power boat Shark, left Hilo on October 7th for Papeete, Island of Tahiti and had not been heard from at that place when the Mariposa left on Dec. 8 for this city. London, upon leaving Hilo, wrote to relatives here that he expected to reach Papeete in five or six weeks. Acting on this advice a great quantity of mail matter and a supply of oil for the Shark were forwarded to Papeete. With Mr. and Mrs. London are Captain James Langhorn Warren of Washington, D. C., Martin Johnson of Independence, Kan., engineer; one sailor, a Chinese cook and a Chinese cabin boy." No cause for alarm whatever. Just think of some of the scrapes Jack has written his characters out of.

—Tuesday we have no hesitancy in branding the editor of the MCKEAN MINER as a conscienceless liar when he says that we told him that we had licked the hand of any 'political boss' for promised favors, and he knew he lied when he made the assertion," shouts neighbor Lindsley in his last issue. When we said you told us you licked the hand of the boss that smote you we were thinking of a time not long ago in your office when you were talking about broken political promises, and you told as an illustration how you had exacted from a certain candidate for county commissioner, who was the favorite of this alleged boss, the promise before witnesses of certain county printing, before you would support him and fight the other Democratic candidate, and then after you did your work as per agreement, you did not get the printing. If that is not "licking the hand of the boss" we were wrong in accusing him, but we dare him to deny the truth in substance of our statement.

—In answering the Democrat's labor questions "categorically" we will say: We believe that when an employer pays a man for performing a certain line of work the employe should perform it and if the employer does not think he is doing the work properly he should make his complaint then and there and not burden his readers by whining about it months afterward. We do not believe one can serve two masters at the same time, but we do believe that "a day's work is a day's work" and after it is done the balance of the 24 hours is his own to dispose of as he pleases. And as to our entering any complaint if our employes should sell him some of their leisure time, we will only cite a time last summer when he was without help that we offered to come down with our employes and help him out, but he declined, undoubtedly thinking that it was only a deep laid plot to steal some of his exclusive news from the galleys and copy hooks. Editor Lindsley has become so grouchy and cantankerous that he cannot understand why anyone should be willing to associate with him unless it is to rob him in one way or another. We are willing to go on oath that we never got an item of news from his galleys or copy hooks, but we suppose that would not satisfy our skeptical neighbor.

THE Kane Republican of last Friday contained the following editorial which the Bradford Star republishes and fully concurs, believing the suggestions concerning the national delegates and alternates are reasonable and will be satisfactory to McKean county Republicans if they are to those of the other three counties. The article says:

"The selection of Captain C. F. Barclay of Cameron county, congressman from this district, to act as national committeeman from Pennsylvania, at the recent meeting of the Republican national committee at Washington, D. C., was a genuine compliment to the 21st district in which McKean county is included, as well as to our congressman personally. The national committee is composed of only one from each State and the honor was all the more marked because our congressman had taken the oath of office only the Monday previous to his selection.

"Captain Barclay is a staunch supporter of Senator Knox for the Presidency, and inasmuch as the president of the State League of Republican Clubs, who was one of the first Knox boomers also lives in this congressional district, there is every reason why all Republicans and citizens generally in McKean, Cameron, Clearfield and Center counties should be greatly interested in the candidacy of Senator Knox, a man of adequate qualifications with the complete confidence of President Roosevelt.

"There will be two delegates and two alternates elected to the Republican National convention from this district at the primaries next April. Under the new primary law each candidate will have to announce, in each of the counties,

"The Republican believes that if two of the counties get a delegate each, then the third county should have the two alternates for we presume that Cameron county will not ask for either a delegate or an alternate, inasmuch as it has the congressman. By the same logic, we suggest that Clearfield and Center counties would properly deserve the National delegates, one from each, and McKean county have the alternates. This would seem fair for the reason that McKean county has had a congressman two terms in the 21st district, while Clearfield and Center counties have never had the congressman.

"The Republican realizes of course, that the entire question is up to the Republican voters of all four counties, but it ventures these suggestions believing them to be just and worthy of consideration."

Pinosalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

CUSTOMERS

Naturally the first customers of a Bank will be its directors and stockholders; when those are interested in and who know the organization have shown their confidence by intrusting their business to it there will be little difficulty in gaining the confidence of the public. But confidence is the first requisite. It is reasonable to expect every stockholder of a Bank to keep in close touch with it and to become a depositor. Theoretically, also, it is reasonable to expect each stockholder and depositor to influence their friends to become customers.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DEC. 16, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 37490 10
Checks and other cash items		2106 03
Due from Banks and Bankers		165928 92
Commercial and other paper purchased		208883 54
Time Loans upon Collateral		238638 02
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		186292 03
Investment securities owned, viz:		
Stocks, Bonds, etc.,	$100500 00	
Mortgages & Judgments,	31405 11	140905 11
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		19551 84
Overdrafts,		109 90
		$1277811 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$100000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		43064 21
Deposits, subject to check	$971289 02	
Deposits, special	262306 10	553408 12
Treasurers and certified checks outstanding		80749 57
		$1277811 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF MCKEAN, }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed,) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 18th day of December, 1907.

(Signed,) HALLIE WALKER, Notarial Seal. Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 28, 1911.

Correct—Attest:

(Signed,) HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
FRED D. GALLUP,
Directors.

51-tf

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits $203,000.00

Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

Office Hours:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

What do You Know About Mica Canopies

Let me tell you something about them

They sell at any Globe, cost only 10 cents each, save driving nails and hooks in your ceilings to hang Smoke Bells, and will never wear out.

Every one that sees them uses them.

LOOK IN MY WINDOW

EDGAR W. STRONG.

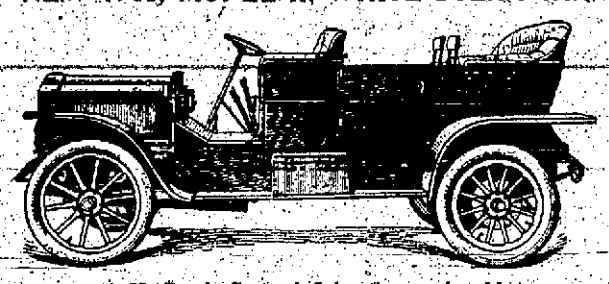
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK SMETHPORT

See Our

Christmas Goods Millinery and Ladies' Furnishings.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan 50c

Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Mufflers | New Ties

Our wish to all is

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Brown Derbies | Rain Coats

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison

143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Plenty of light and no eye strain.
Steadier than gas or incandescent. Not so sharp as the arc light.
Just a big, round, smooth, bright flame.

Family Favorite Oil

The Best for Illuminating.

Gives the cheapest and best-for-the-eyes light known.
Removes all lamp troubles—no smoke, no soot, no dirt, no charred wicks.
Burns up full and bright to the last drop.
Your dealer will supply you right from the original barrel—direct from our refineries.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS

Oils for All Purposes — Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA. — Booklet sent Free

CURE YOUR INDIGESTION

HUN-E-LAX THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

"Pure as honey." "As good as it's pure." Keeps you sweet inside and outside. (5)

Chew a Bowel Bon Bon every once in a while and escape the disturbing disorders of Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dizziness, Indigestion and Constipation.

HUN-E-LAX, the little Bee-hive-shaped Bowel Bon Bon contains the substance that will keep you in perfect health.

Try a box today. Take no other.

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists.

Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

WE WISH YOU ALL

A Happy New Year

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

BLANKETS WHIPS

We carry a full line of
HORSE BLANKETS
for both
Stable and Street Wear.
Prices from $1.25 to $5.00.
Rawhide whips with vulcanized coverings.
Will always keep their shape.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 26, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Fry & Comes have a change of advertisement.

—"No Mother to Guide Her" at the Lyceum to-night.

—The MINER wishes one and all a Happy New Year.

—See the Lindholm Co.'s "best word" in their ad this week.

—H. W. Rubin extends seasonable greetings in his advertisement to-day.

—Chadwick's orchestra furnished music for a dance at Turtle Point last night.

—John B. Oviatt of Norwich has a 150-pound black bear on exhibition at Pickersgill's bakery which he killed last week.

—Guy Comes, son of M. S. Comes of Marvin creek, brought two fox skins to town Tuesday, and received the $4 bounty.

—Paying bounties on wild cat and fox scalps continues to be a feature of the routine business in the county commissioners' office.

—Married, at Olean, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1907, Hugh A. Cobb, justice of the peace officiating, Mr. Clair Hoop of Layfayette, Pa., and Miss Leah M. Stauffer of Mt. Alton, Pa.

—Edinboro Normal aims to give culture, develop character, inspire a love for learning, and establish proper habits. Winter term begins Jan. 1, 1908. Write for catalog. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—The bowling alleys in the basement of the Backus building were reopened yesterday afternoon. The alleys have been placed in first-class condition, and many bowlers were on hand to enjoy their favorite sport.

—Al W. Martin's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, which was the attraction at the Lyceum Monday night carry a band and orchestra of good musicians. The two concerts given by the band were appreciated and liberally applauded.

—Although it is a long time since she moved away from Smethport, Mrs. F. J. Ogilvie, in a letter to the MINER says: "I think more of Smethport than I do of any other place in the world." She now resides at Colorado Springs, Colo.

—It is with profound sorrow and deep sympathy for the bereaved ones, that we announce the death of Mrs. Thos. L. Kane, which occurred at her home Tuesday morning after a brief illness of pneumonia. A fitting obituary will be published later.—Kane Republican.

—Last call for couples wishing to take advantage of the present New York marriage laws. After January 1, 1908, it will be just as much trouble to get married across the line as at home.

—Word has been received in Olean of the death of Mrs. Nellie Berryman, which occurred recently in Marion, Ohio. Mrs. Berryman was for a number of years a resident of Colegrove and later resided in Smethport. The family moved to Olean from this place. Aside from her husband, John Berryman of Colegrove, the deceased leaves two sons and two daughters—Frederick and Arthur, and Mrs. Amos Ross and Miss Alice Berryman.

—The following named officers-elect of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R. will be installed January 2, 1908, in Odd Fellows Hall at 2 p. m.: Commander, B. F. Wright; senior vice commander, Jacob Hafner; junior vice commander, J. H. Stull; quartermaster, J. Colegrove; chaplain, E. R. Mayo; surgeon, Geo. W. Irons; officer of the day, A. H. Pierce; officer of the guard, S. G. Bush; patriotic instructor, J. C. Cunningham; adjutant, H. M. Choate.

—McKean Lodge, No. 888, F. & A. M., at a meeting last night, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Worshipful Master, Sandford L. Fry; Senior Warden, Charles Masser; Junior Warden, Thomas H. Morrison; Secretary, W. F. Specht; Treasurer, H. W. Rubin; Trustees, F. D. Gallup, O. J. Hamlin, D. M. Brasted; Delegate to the Grand Lodge, Guy H. McCoy. After the meeting Mr. Fry invited the members present to a delicious spread at the Wright House.

—Lillian Mortimer's great success, "No Mother to Guide Her," a production worthy of its enormous success, is a comedy drama of great power, picturing the struggles of a young girl sent out to fight the battles of life without the kindly counsel and protecting care of a mother. The play is of the strenuous sort, filled with exciting climaxes, as the result of natural situations, in fact it discloses a bit of realism seldom seen on the stage. At the Lyceum to-night. Seats at Wells' drug store, 25, 35, 50 cents.

—Next week the MINER enters upon the 45th year of its existence, beginning a new volume with the first issue of the new year. The opening of 1908 will find this office better equipped than ever for carrying on a general publishing and printing business. The job department is capable of handling any work—nothing too large, nothing too small; plain or fancy stock of standard quality; one-, two- or three color work. The newspaper section of the plant is thoroughly in shape for the best results in advertising, and every effort will be made to cover the circulation field each week, gather the news and furnish it to the subscribers promptly in readable shape. Constant improvement will be the aim, and the readers of this paper are urged to help by notifying this office at once when an item of news comes under their observation. In this connection the MINER wishes to warmly thank its friends for favors extended during the past year.

Personal Mention.

Murl Backus was a visitor in Olean this week.

Wahb Hopper was a Bradford visitor Friday night.

Clarence H. Sherer was an Olean visitor this week.

Mrs. Alice Park passed Sunday last in Mt. Jewett.

Judge Joseph W. Bouton visited Bradford Monday.

Theron Lyle passed Christmas day at his home in Kinzua.

Rex Stark departed to-day for a few day's visit in Buffalo.

Mrs. James A. McKean was a visitor in Olean Saturday last.

Ralph Badger and John O'Brien visited Olean Christmas day.

Harry Marks of Jamette, Pa., was calling on friends in town this week.

Mrs. J. C. Brown and children are visiting relatives in Dayton, Ohio.

Al Heath of Bradford visited his former home in town Christmas day.

Miss Bessie Hotmeumun of Colegrove visited friends in town yesterday.

Miss Anna Berge of Mt. Jewett was a guest of friends in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus visited Eldred relatives and friends this week.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy have returned from a visit in Boston, Mass.

Miss Tavia Raymer leaves to-morrow for a visit with friends in Pittsburg.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison was in Kane Monday on a business mission.

LeRoy Tabor of Philadelphia visited relatives in town during the past week.

Prof. and Mrs. T. T. Allen and son are passing the holidays in Jamestown, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris are visiting in Rochester and Candor, N. Y., this week.

Misses Genie and Jennie Gifford of Crosby were calling on friends in town Friday.

L. Steinhauer of Farmers Valley called at the MINER office while in town Monday.

Mrs. Jennie Tracy of Buffalo is passing the week at her former home in Smethport.

W. P. Beckwith of Farmers Valley made the MINER office a welcome call Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Otto of Farmers Valley were pleasant callers at this office Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie are guests of relatives in town this week.

Mrs. J. K. Bullock of Chicago is a guest of her mother, Mrs. J. E. Chadwick, this week.

Miss Lena Thornton of Bradford is passing her vacation at her home in East Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Servatius and son were guests of Port Allegany relatives this week.

Paul Green of Buffalo is a guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Green, of East King street.

Misses Helen Dunn and Anna Hill of Mt. Alton were guests of friends in town over Sunday.

Elmer Raymer of Olean passed Christmas day a guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Raymer.

Fred J. Musser of Niagara Falls made a holiday visit to his former home in Smethport this week.

Mrs. Kate Taylor of Albany, N. Y., is passing the holidays with Smethport relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Grigsby of DuBois are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Deming of Green street.

Mrs. E. A. Baldwin of Austin is a guest of her mother, Mrs. Alice McClure of Cemetery street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Voorhies and son of Olean visited relatives and friends in town Christmas day.

Miss Alice Daly, who attends the Villa Marie academy at Erie, is home for her Christmas vacation.

S. J. Swanson of Kasson favored the MINER with a social visit during his stay in town Monday.

Miss Nellie Masser, who has a position in the Riverdale, N. J., schools is visiting her home in town.

L. Fosdick, the hustling insurance man of Pittsburg, was in town Saturday and called on the MINER.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Brown and son were guests of Mt. Jewett relatives and and friends over Sunday.

Miss Jennie Biever, who teaches the school at Halsey, is passing her vacation at her home in Smethport.

Miss Theo Gifford of Williamsport is passing the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford.

Bevier Eckert, a student of dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania, is visiting his home in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Raymer of Austin a few days this week.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughters, Edith and Harriet, of Olean, were guests of Smethport relatives Christmas day.

Miss Ora Campbell of Smethport is the guest of Mrs. A. Dotterweich of South Fourth street.—Olean Democrat.

Miss Hazel Green, who is a student at the Buffalo Business College, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldus Sauer of Kane were guests of the former's father, Carl Sauer, and family a few days this week.

Miss Bessie Ottoson, who attends the Lock Haven State Normal school, is passing her vacation at her home in town.

Judge T. A. Morrison of the Superior Courts has returned from Philadelphia to pass the holidays at his home in town.

Kenneth Mayo, who is a student at the Dickenson Law School, Carlisle, is spending his vacation at his home in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford were guests of relatives in Smethport and vicinity during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lyman and children of Roulette are visiting at the home of Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Mrs. Lyman's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Studholme have returned from their honeymoon trip, which included a visit to several points in Mexico.

Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, one of the popular teachers in the Smethport schools, is visiting her home in Forestville, N. Y., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Sheehan and little daughter of Mt. Jewett visited Mrs. Sheehan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy McCarthy, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Canfield and daughter, Zela, of Bradford are guests of Mrs. Canfield's mother, Mrs. Julia Thornton, of East Smethport.

Horace King, a law student at Dickenson College, Carlisle, is passing his Christmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. King of East Smethport.

Mrs. Chas. McKean, Mrs. M. E. Richmond, Mrs. John Forrest, Mrs. S. D. Weaver, Mrs. C. M. Colegrove and Mrs. A. B. Walker were among the Smethport visitors in Bradford Thursday and Friday last.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme and child, of Port Allegany and Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme and two children of Olean were guests of the Mesdames Studholme's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder, Christmas day.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman of the Edinboro Normal School came home on Saturday from the Venango county institute where she was one of the instructors. Miss Hinman goes to the Crawford county institute Dec. 30, after which she will return to her duties at the Normal.

Lost—watch chain on Main street. Finder leave same at Wells' Drug store and receive reward.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble," writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment, at Pinelleg for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale at Palmer's Livery.

2 fairly good second-hand cutters, 1 set delivery sleighs, 1 set surrey bobs, 1 set light sleighs—no body, 1 double and 1 single driving harness. All in good order. A. T. PALMER, Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. E. Hogarth.

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay.—C. H. Gleason.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Get back of a "Druggist" Straight 5.

Everybody should try a "Druggist."

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of C. M. Applebee, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of C. M. Applebee, late of Coleville, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

T. R. MOORE, Administrator.
Coleville, Pa., R. F. D. 1. December 19, 1907.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

WE WISH
YOU ALL A
HAPPY
NEW
YEAR

And thank you for
past favors.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

Mechanical Toys
1-2 Price.
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WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

RETIRED BUSINESS MAN FAVORS NEW THEORY

E. H. Lambert, of Everett, Massachusetts, Believes Stomach the Seat of Life.

One of the most interesting statements made recently concerning the much discussed Cooper theory, that has spread over the country during the past year, is made by E. H. Lambert, a retired business man, whose home is at 115 Francis Street, Everett, Mass.

Mr. Lambert has this to say in connection with Cooper and his medicines: "Some time ago I read an article about this man Cooper, in which he claimed that stomach trouble was directly responsible for most ill health. He went on to say that, although his medicine did nothing but get the stomach in sound condition, it would, in many cases, remove kidney and liver trouble and various other ailments. He argued from this that the stomach was the main cause of sickness, and stated that the success he has had with his medicines was due entirely to this fact.

"I am now fully convinced that this theory is correct, and believe Cooper has a really remarkable medicine, judging from my own experience.

"I have been a sick man for five years. Three years ago I was told by a physician that I had Bright's disease of the kidneys. I have treated constantly for this trouble since, without results. After reading the article I have mentioned, I purchased some of this man Cooper's medicine. I have been astounded by what it has done for me. I was relieved to some extent within 24 hours. Today my health is better than for five years, and so far as I can tell, my kidney trouble has disappeared.

"My wife, who had stomach trouble for some time, tried the preparation after noting its action in my case, and her improvement is fully as marked as mine. She now eats heartily three times a day without any distress whatsoever. Her nervousness has also left her. I certainly believe this man's success is fully justified, as he undoubtedly has a wonderful medicine."

We will gladly describe the remarkable record made by the Cooper medicines to all who wish to know of them. —McCoy's Drug Store.

THE LYCEUM

Thursday, Dec. 26th.

"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER."

A Play that appeals to the heart

A Play that you should see

INCLUDING

Specialtses between Acts.

PRICES: 25, 35 & 50c.

Seats now on Sale at Wells' Drug Store.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Their Frivolity.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Miss Weston sat looking out the window of the small hotel parlor, her face full of discontent. She fingered the soiled lace curtain unconsciously, and just as unconsciously frowned at the group of schoolgirls standing outside waiting for the sightseeing automobile.

After a week in Jamestown with them she acknowledged that the quiet routine of the school year had its compensations. It could at least be counted to follow its regular groove. On the other hand, fifty schoolgirls on a sight seeing expedition, even under the chaperonage of the music teacher, the professor of psychology and two underteachers, couldn't be counted upon to do anything except break out in unexpected places. They had managed to get scattered all over Jamestown, and after being safely gathered on the boat for Washington half of them had been ill to get seasick. The other half had taken advantage of the fact that the chaperones were busy looking after the ailing and had got acquainted with everybody on the boat that showed the least inclination to talk.

The professor came hurriedly into the parlor, folding the morning paper.

"We will soon have them where we can keep an eye on them for at least two hours, Miss Weston. Did you ever see such overflowing youth and happiness?" He looked at the chattering group, then suddenly noticed his companion's woebegone countenance. "Anything wrong?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing, except I'm too—young," she said despondently.

He put on his glasses and gazed at her quizzically.

"In all my research among psychic phenomena it's absolutely the first

"THAT MAN CALLED YOU MY WIFE. IT SOUNDED GREAT."

time I ever heard of a woman having such a thought."

Miss Weston tapped the floor with her tan shoe impatiently.

"Not in years. I'm infinitely weary of it, perilously near, but that makes it all the more ridiculous that I want to act young. The enthusiasm of those girls has depressed me. I am envious of them. I feel their reverence and respect until it's oppressive. It doesn't even cross their minds that I am not an old woman, and they show me the exaggerated respect due a teacher and old age. I think this lovely morning has made me restless. I want to go all over Washington, but I want to enjoy it as an individual and not have to take my pleasure with fifty pair of young eyes gazing at me with a to-morrow-je-die-from-old-age expression."

The professor chuckled.

"Miss Weston, I'm not going to ask by what process you reached the opinion. Doesn't matter whether it was induction or deduction—it's exactly the hazy trouble that has been worrying me. It seems like taking one's pleasure second-hand or by reflected light. Let's lose them today and do the town by ourselves," he suggested in a truly whisper.

"Do we dare?" Her voice was eager, yet doubtful.

"Dare!" scornfully. "Am I such an old fossil because I'm forty-five and a teacher of psychology that I haven't a latent bit of heroism? We are going to play we are exactly twenty-one years old today and to enjoy Washington from that point of view. I'll go tell Professor and Mrs. Bingham that they must do all the chaperoning. That—oh, yes, I'll say—just say, mind you—that you and I want to go to the Congressional library to—er—look up a matter of importance."

"Our lost youth," she suggested, smiling.

"Those girls will be safe enough with two chaperons. They will at least be so high up in those automobiles that there's no danger of street cars running over them."

Miss Weston started to her room with a determination to put on her best white linen coat suit and give a less chaperonish touch to her hair.

"They'll not be run over by street cars," she laughed, "but I'm in mortal terror that two or three of them will come back enchanted with the magnificent idea."

They salved their consciences with the thought that they really were going to the library. It was the only public building that they had not seen in previous trips to Washington.

"Where now?" he asked as they came down the broad steps after a little chat in the library cafe and stood on the street corner.

"That car says 'Glen Echo.' It sounds enticing," she suggested.

The professor was sure that at twenty-one he would have felt sentimentally inclined toward a spot called Glen Echo, and he boarded the car entranced.

"We'll chase that echo," he said boyishly.

"Slang, too?" she queried.

"A mere effervescence of youth," airily. "You mustn't be surprised at anything I do or say today, my dear lady—I mean my dear girl. You've no idea what a holy terror I was at twenty-one."

"Me, too"—she began ungrammatically. "Turn your head this way—quick," she whispered. "There's that automobile with all the girls just passing!"

The professor quickly jerked down the shade.

"You wouldn't tell me that I wasn't born with a soul for adventure, and as for hairbreadth escapes; I positively dote on them." And Miss Weston thought that the professor at twenty-one, his face animated by a boyish grin, must have been attractive.

"I feel," he said as they entered the grounds at Glen Echo, "the awakening of a craving long dormant. That peanut stand is attractive, and the ice cream soda is positively irresistible."

He put a bag of peanuts in his coat pocket for further consideration, and they drank the half warm soda, laughing at each other over the tops of the glasses.

"There is one thing that I dare—positively dare you to do," he said, his eyes twinkling. "You'll never have the courage to—ride on the merry-go-round!"

Miss Weston strangled over her soda as her glass down, then pinned her hat on firmly.

"I was rather a boldenish girl—at twenty-one. I think I would prefer riding on a white horse. I never cared much for a rhinoceros or a zebra," she said, following him.

After the ride, her hair loosened and blowing in short tendrils about her face, she walked with him down the hill toward the canal. "Is the worst yet to come?" she queried. "For heaven's sake don't tell me that you are going to dare me to do anything less dignified than ride on a merry-go-round!"

"I'm so thirsty it hasn't room in my mind to suggest that we perch at the rings for a free ride. You must have been a rather effervescent boy."

"Regular young devil," he acquiesced audibly. "But the next is real subdued. We are going rowing on this canal."

The man in charge of the boat gave them a good natured send off from the shore.

"Better row down that way—he shouted. "It's lots shadier. Your wife'll like it better."

Miss Weston, her face crimson, talked volubly about the luxuriant foliage on the edges of the canal. The professor rowed abstractedly. Finally he rested on his oars and looked at her intently.

"That man evidently thought I was old enough to marry," he said slowly.

"Don't notice him. He seems very ignorant," she said rather nervously.

"I think I like that man," meditatively. "There's only one thing I have against him. I would like to sit by you and ask you what you think of his suggestion, and he has given us a boat with a round bottom. It's so wobbly to move around in."

Miss Weston turned still more crimson, and she remained silent.

The professor, taking his chances, stepped gingerly across and sat beside her. "That man called you my wife. It sounded great. I wish you would tell me you liked it," he said, the youthful look becoming more apparent in his face."

"But the girls would think we were such old fossils"—she commenced.

"Fossils! Who says fossils!" he demanded happily. "We know how young we are. There never was any one so young as I am right this minute, dear girl," he said, bending toward her.

The boat lurched, and she grasped his arm frantically. "I—I think you had better not try that again while we're in this wabbly boat," she said breathlessly.

Burbank's Opportunity.

Luther Burbank's early life in California was attended by many hard experiences. He was very poor and was obliged to take any work that came to hand. He cleaned out chicken coops, helped in market gardens, got an odd job here and another there, passed through a very severe illness, went on the tramp for work until finally he was able to start a little nursery on his own account. Then he was on his own ground with a fair start. To outsiders he seemed an honest, hard-working young fellow who might make his living, but not much more. Then all at once he did something that made those who knew about it look at him. An order came for 20,000 young prune trees. Could he fill it in nine months? He hadn't a prune tree on his place, and how was he going to supply 20,000 in nine months? He got together all the men and boys he could find to plant almonds for him. They grew rapidly. When they were ready he had 20,000 prune buds ready for them, and in a short time the prunes were budded into the growing almonds, and before the time was up the trees were delivered to the delighted rancher.—Circle Magazine.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use Man-Zan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

CHICKEN HEARTED MEN.

Every One of Group Dreaded to Hear of Some Injury.

"I could hear the bone in his wrist snap," said a man who was describing an accident to a group of men.

"Oh, cut it out, for heaven's sake!" called out one of the group. He was a big fellow, but he was as white as a sheet.

The speaker laughed jeeringly. "I didn't know you were so chicken hearted," he said.

The big man began to explain. "I'm not what you would call a timid sort of person, but the mention of any injury to the wrist always turns me faint. I can stand seeing blood flow or hear thrilling tales of broken limbs and smashed heads, but I can't stand any wrist stories. I don't know the reason. It seems to be merely a matter of temperament."

A quiet little man came to the rescue. "I know just what you mean," he said. "You're not the only one who has a peculiar aversion to a certain sort of injury. Now, my particular aversion is on account of trouble with the eyes. Immediately I begin to blink and wink and my eyes smart until I can't stand it. I'd rather hear an account of a brutal murder than any description of an eye disease."

The man who had jeered at the big man had been thinking. "I have one of those aversions, too, now I come to think of it," he said. "It is accounts of paralytic shocks, to which I particularly object. I feel myself growing numb all over when I hear such tales, and I always make an excuse to get away as soon as possible."

His remark was a signal for a universal confession. One acknowledged that the sight of blood gave him a sensation of extreme nausea; another said that reading or hearing of a fracture of the skull gave him "a gone feeling at his stomach," and another said he shivered so his teeth chattered every time he heard an account of an operation for appendicitis.

The big man was triumphant. "Well, I'm not such a big baby after all," he said.—New York Tribune.

FEAR IN BATTLE.

Frederick the Great Ran Away and Grant Was Afraid.

Some of the greatest soldiers whose names adorn history's pages entered their first battles with a feeling of fear in their hearts.

Frederick the Great simply lost his head at the battle of Molwitz. Had he not been a king it is safe to say that he would have been shot at the next sunrise. In the heat of the carnage he got an idea that the army under his command was fleeing everywhere, so he put the spurs to his horse and dashed headlong among his soldiers. He rode many miles before he stopped in his wild flight. Late at night he was discovered sidling in an old mill, trembling as he thought capture by the enemy. Then he discovered that the army he deserted had won the battle.

As Frederick was a prince, everybody tried to forget the incident just as quickly as possible. And after that when the king went to war he was just as brave as any other soldier.

General Grant in his memoirs tells us that, despite the fact that he was not new to the ways of war, he had a strange fear in his heart when as commander of the Union forces he found himself on the eve of his first battle of the civil war. He adds, however, that he came to find that "the other fellow" had a similar feeling.

In American history there is no more reckless warrior than the dashing Light Horse Harry Lee. It seems strange, therefore, to find that at the outset of the Continental struggle Washington had to reprove him for his "prudence" in battle. Lee, though, up and told Washington that he was just as brave as the general in chief, and he made good his word.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All's Fair in War.

"A tenderfoot once visited Tin Can," said a westerner, "and watched with interest the poker play. From saloon to saloon he passed. Everything was wide open and very gay and lively.

"But as he looked on at a poker game that had no limit the tenderfoot suddenly frowned. He had seen the dealer slip himself four aces from the bottom of the pack.

"Gracious powers," whispered the tenderfoot, excitedly clutching the sleeve of the man next him, "did you notice that?"

"Notice what?" said the other.

"Why, that scoundrel in the red shirt just dealt himself four aces."

The other looked at the tenderfoot calmly.

"Well, wasn't it his deal?' he said."—Washington Star.

The Sundowner.

A "swagman" or "swaggie"—so called from the "swag" or personal luggage wrapped up in a blanket strapped to his back—is a genuine Australian traveler in search of work, but a "sundowner" is the antipodean professional tramp. The sundowner strolls from one squatter's station to another, always taking care to arrive at sunset, for it is the traditional practice of Australian squatters to give food and shelter to all comers for the night.—Kansas City Independent.

Respecting Her Oath.

"Judge, will you do me a great favor?" asked the lady who was about to be put upon the stand as a witness.

"Certainly, miss. What is it?"

"Will you please ask me my age before I take the oath?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Yes, money talks; but its favorite remark is goodby.—Indianapolis Star.

Are you having trouble with your kidneys? There are lots of people to-day wonder why they have pains across the back, why they are tired and lacking in energy and ambition. Your kidneys are wrong. They need relief without delay. Take DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills; they are for weak back, inflammation of the bladder, backache and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

"Violet"

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"Bring on the hot rolls, Violet," said Mrs. Brent in her sharp, decisive tones.

The tall, angular girl thus admonished returned to the kitchen, and then the deluge of merriment!

Young Graham, the superintendent of the beet sugar factory, bit his lip, then choked over an infinitesimal scrap of breakfast food. Professor Hinds of the high school faculty cleared his throat, then, with fork and knife uplifted in an attitude much decried in the modern books on etiquette, stared blankly after the retreating figure. Bessie Layton, the stenographer at the Sampson implement offices, she of the fluffy pompadour and retrousse nose, giggled, then hastily swallowed a spoonful of coffee which promptly went down her "Sunday throat," and this on Thursday morning! And simultaneously a gale of laughter swept around the circle of boarders at Mrs. Brent's select and "homelike" establishment.

To the accompaniment of this laughter Violet passed the hot rolls from boarder to boarder, little dreaming that she was responsible for the untoward merriment. Not that laughter and merriment were uncommon at Mrs. Brent's. The cheerful atmosphere of her boarding house as much as her own good cookery kept the same circle of guests there year after year. Only Professor Hinds, the new principal of the high school, and pretty Grace Saunders were newcomers this season. And Violet—yes, Violet was the new waitress, Violet!

As she thrust the delicious rolls under Fred Graham's shaking shoulders he remembered, coughed and exclaimed:

"That was the best story you ever told, Mrs. Brent."

Grace Saunders shot him a grateful glance, but Professor Hinds looked up blankly as if trying to remember the story that had never been told. Then, as Violet again disappeared through the kitchen door, he murmured:

"Most incongruous. Never saw anything further removed from a shrinking, delicate, violet in my life—six feet, if she's an inch. Funny how parents do select such inappropriate names for their children! Violet! ought to have called her Sunflower!"

"But, professor, you must bear in mind that the name was bestowed when the discovered perhaps twelve inches. Babies measure about a foot, don't they?" And young Graham gazed inquiringly at his fellow boarders. "Probably was one of those dainty, fragile sort of babies that shoot up like bean pods later on. Did that myself—my mother tells me."

Half an hour later Grace Saunders returned to the dining room intending to ask Mrs. Brent some questions regarding the best stores in the town. She found Violet darting about the table clearing away crumbs, setting back chairs, etc., with a worried look on her face. Mrs. Brent came in from the kitchen.

"There, Violet, don't you try to straighten up the whole place. You'll be late to school. It's five blocks to the business college, you know, and you've got your dress to change yet."

"Oh, are you going to the business college?" inquired Grace. The tall, slender girl stopped untying her apron at the cordial note in the boarder's voice. "I am so glad, because I am going there too. Today is my first, and it will be so nice to see a familiar face."

Then as suddenly as it had awaken, all the expression of delighted anticipation died in Violet's face. She remembered. She was the waitress at Mrs. Brent's, waitress for her board and room, and Miss Grace Saunders was the daughter of a millionaire ranch owner and cattle raiser in the southern part of the state. Mrs. Brent and the rest of the "help" in the kitchen had said it was most remarkable that a girl with such a father should not be studying in an eastern college instead of an unknown business college in an obscure western city.

But Grace Saunders was not the sort of girl to be snubbed. When school closed that afternoon Violet Andrews found that Grace could keep pace with her and would not accept the excuse that there was work awaiting the pupil waitress in the Brent home.

"Come into my room tonight and we will go over those dreadful curlycues together," Grace urged as she turned into the front door at the Brent house, while Violet wheeled to the walk leading to the kitchen. Something told her that a shadow had come into that girl's life since morning, that here was a chance where she herself might be helpful, and Grace Saunders belonged in the class of girls who simply must be of cheer and service to their fellow creatures.

The curlycues were not gone over, however, for within two minutes after Violet had entered Miss Saunders' room they were talking of more personal matters.

"I know now why the men all laughed at the table this morning. It was me. They laughed at the business college too! What is wrong with me?"

Grace glanced up at the angular yet passionate, quivering figure. A high pompadour crowned a long, narrow face, and enormous black bows stood out on either side of her long, thin throat like bat wings. Her frock was absolutely tight fitting, accentuating every angular line.

"Sit down, my dear, and let's talk," said Grace gently.

"It isn't fair," sobbed Violet, flinging herself into the proffered chair. "Here you are with money, beauty and everything. And I've starved and scrubbed and done washing to earn money enough to pay for my coffee. But even if I do learn stenography, who will hire me? What do they want with me when they can get girls like you and Miss Layton? There's something wrong with me. What is it?"

Grace laid a friendly hand on the heaving shoulders.

"I think it is your name—and your hair."

Violet sat up very straight.

"My what?"

"Your name and your hair. You see, one always thinks of a violet as something small and shrinking and delicate, and you—well, you are six feet tall with that pompadour. You cannot change your name, but you can change your hair."

The weeks that followed were like fairy tale trips to Violet, whose mother had read herself into mental and physical inertia on a diet of novels, while her father had tried to wrest gold from the sphinxlike mountains. She learned that Grace Saunders was merely studying bookkeeping and stenography in order to help her father, whom she adored, and that she half time between studies to do the most wonderful sewing Violet had ever seen. But first she taught Violet how to dress her hair low and soft in puffs above her ears and a low knot at the nape of her neck; then how to do Delsarte exercises to acquire ease and to feed certain angles with massage cream.

The change was gradual, but one day when Violet waited on the table in a frock made with deep ruffles that broke her height and soft frills at throat and wrist young Graham looked puzzled.

"Seems like violets do bloom sometimes rather late in life," he remarked as he took the entire circle of boarders into his confidence. "But I would like to know how she became shorter."

"Some girls are born with feminility," remarked Grace Saunders gently. "Like Miss Layton, for instance. Whereas the little stenographer dimpled delightfully and young Graham beamed approval. "And some girls have to acquire it, like Violet. Just as soon as she dropped exaggerated high heels, lowered her pompadour and wore fluffy frocks instead of straight lines she became feminine and attractive. Such is the psychological influence of frocks. But under it all she had always a most charming nature and a brilliant mind."

"Yes, and she makes such good fudge. I never tasted better in my college days."

It was Professor Hinds who spoke and in the sudden silence every one stared at him. Who would have thought the man behind the glasses cared for fudge? And then somehow it dawned upon the circle of boarders that the professor was looking very young and had yes—he had some wild violets, the first of the warm early spring, in his buttonhole. He took off his glasses and glanced around with amusement.

"Why not? I always was partial to violets."

Mrs. Brent slipped her hand under the tablecloth and found Grace Saunders' palpitating finger tips.

"You knew all the time," she whispered.

"Rather! It was my idea, but the professor took to it with amazing alacrity."

And then pretty Miss Layton sprang from her chair and pushed the astonished young waitress, who had just entered the place, beside the professor.

"The idea of announcing an engagement with the bride to be out of the room! I insist upon passing the hot cakes this morning."

And then, with the memory of that first day and the wave of amusement that had gradually changed to respect and admiration for the girl and her pluck and her adaptability, the boarders of Mrs. Brent's select and homelike establishment rose and solemnly drank a toast in the coffee for which Mrs. Brent was famous:

"To Violet!" cried young Graham.

And this time no one laughed, but the tenderness which comes when love's wings flutter close seemed to soften every eye that looked upon the happy professor and the happier girl.

Flying by Machinery.

Flying by machinery, like musical notation and many another epoch making circumstance, owes its inception to the cloister and the cowl. The principle and idea of the balloon was first formed by Albert of Saxony, an Augustine recluse of the fourteenth century. Then the theory of construction was taken up and enlarged upon by Francesco Mendoza, a Portuguese Jesuit, who died in 1629. And, lastly, Bartholomeo de Guzmao, formerly a candidate for the priesthood, demonstrated the possibility of flying by airships and foretold great successes for the future. Toward the end of the eighteenth century two men named Charles and Roberts made a balloon with the longest side parallel to the horizon. Their wings were of the shape of an umbrella without the handle, to the top of which a stick was fastened parallel to the aperture of the umbrella. Five of these were disposed round the car. On finding themselves in a dead calm they tried the effect of their oars and discovered that in thirty-five minutes they had covered 6,000 feet. Balloons were first used in war as long ago as 1794, when Guyton de Morveau made two ascents and obtained important information during the battle of Fleurus. Their next appearance was during the battle of Solferino in 1859, and two years later the Federal army employed them near Washington, while their use for conveying the mail bags out of besieged Paris is well known.—Chicago News.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DESSINO, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. H. HOLBROOK, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3:30 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 155, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALBUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
DELLE EAGAN, R. K.

G. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. HOLBROOK, Pres.
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Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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All In the Family.

By LILLIE WIEDEEN.

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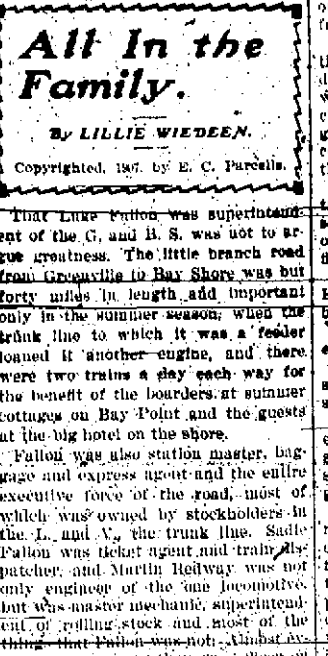
That Luke Fallon was superintendent of the G. and B. S. was not to argue greatness. The little branch road from Greenville to Bay Shore was but forty miles in length and important only in the summer season, when the trunk line to which it was a feeder loaned it another engine, and there were two trains a day each way for the benefit of the boarders at summer cottages on Bay Point and the guests at the big hotel on the shore.

Fallon was also station master, baggage and express agent and the entire executive force of the road, most of which was owned by stockholders in the L. and V., the trunk line. Sadie Fallon was ticket agent and train dispatcher, and Martin Redway was not only engineer of the one locomotive, but was master mechanic, superintendent of rolling stock and most of the thing that Fallon was not. Almost every one was more than one officer on the G. and B. S. with the exception of Willie Farrell, who was station agent at Farrell's. He was just station agent of the little flag stop, the "station" being a well-known patch of grass beside the track in summer and a well shoveled place in the snow in the winter season. The lawn mower and the snow shovel were Willie's only tools of trade, but he handled his dignity as seriously as did those who held a multiplicity of offices. Most of the employees of the road made up in dignity what they lacked in importance.

Then came the strike. Redway jounced into the little station at the shore end of the run, while his fireman took the engine down to the one-stall roundhouse. Fallon looked up at his approach.

"What's the news down to Greenville?" he demanded as he reached out



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, MART!" SHE CALLED.

a guarded hand for the train messages Redway had brought.

"Nothing much," said Redway indolently. "I s'pose you heard that there was a big strike out west?"

"I was informed of that fact," said Fallon, with dignity. "There will be no trouble this side of Chicago."

"I was calculating to get out that way this fall," said Redway, with an assumption of carelessness that his twitching lips belied. "Sadie and I was talking it over. She wants to see the Yellowstone park on her wedding trip."

"Sadie and you?" retorted Fallon. "And since when have you and Sadie had it all fixed to get married? 'Pears to me that her pa ought to have something to say about it."

"This is where you say," explained Redway. "We fixed it up last night, but I didn't have time to talk to you this morning. The engine needed some fixin' up."

"Well, I say No!" was the decided response. "I guess Sadie can do better than an engineer when she wants to get married."

"I'm master mechanic, too," reminded Redway hopefully.

"Sadie can do better," repeated Fallon as he rose to put some papers in the safe. "Don't let me hear any more of this."

Redway sat in silence until the safe was locked and the lights put out; then he followed Fallon out on the platform. "Better think it over," he advised. "I'll ask you again in the morning."

Redway turned away down one of the almost deserted streets, and Fallon stamped angrily in the opposite direction.

Not even Sadie realized how proud her father was of his position as superintendent even of such an unimportant road as the G. and B. S. That the daughter of the superintendent should be asked to wed a common engineer was a thing not to be heard of. He had no talk with Sadie on the matter, but as he lay in bed thinking it over his anger grew and he became more firm in his determination not to give his consent.

He was at the station early in the morning, affecting not to notice how red Sadie's eyes were from weeping. As soon as Redway stuck his head into the general office Fallon began:

"You needn't come in," he rasped out. "My mind ain't any different from what it was last night."

Redway grinned and withdrew, shutting the door. Fallon fidgeted at the desk, making a feeble pretense of working, but when the hands of the clock drew around to 8 and the engine had not puffed down the track to couple to the train Fallon went out on the platform.

Redway was sitting on the baggage truck puffing at his cigar. Several passengers paced the platform, and both of the day coaches were about half filled.

"Where's the engine?" demanded Fallon. Redway moved his cigar that he might grin the broader.

"I'm on a strike," he explained. "The engine's in the house."

"Strike!" shouted Fallon. "What you strikin' about? You had a raise last spring!"

"It's not about money," explained the engineer. "I saw Sadie last night, and she says she won't marry me until you say she can. I'm on strike until you give the 'go ahead' order."

Fallon glared impotently. There was no one else in town who could run an engine except Sim Dugan, who fired for Redway. Sim was sitting on the truck by his boss and only smiled pleasantly when Fallon offered him double and even triple pay to take the train out. Some of the passengers crowded about to watch the fun, and in the end the superintendent beat a retreat to his office, where presently he wired to Greenville for help.

But Greenville was unsympathetic. Something of Redway's plan the office knew, and Fallon's pompousness had not made friends for him. Greenville declared flatly that they could spare neither engine nor engineer, and when the division headquarters was appealed to Fallon was told to settle the matter himself. In theory the G. and B. S. was an independent road, with its own corporate entity, and headquarters was not interested in its affairs. Several heavy wrecks had filled the repair shops with locomotives, and there were not enough to properly equip the division, to say nothing of loaning one to so unimportant a branch line.

In desperation Fallon wired the main offices of the L. and V., and their reply was even more curt. The western strike was growing worse, and the message suggested that if Fallon could not manage without the assistance of the entire system a strike of one engineer he had better resign and let the office boy, if he had one, take charge.

All this took time, and the station was filled with the impatient travelers, who were anxious to start upon their journey. The cause of the strike had been whispered about, and the passengers took turns coming to the general office, which was also the baggage room, and demanding that the strike be broken and communication restored. Fallon grew desperate. Hardly one of the heaviest stockholders of the L. and V. had been born in Bay Side, and his summer cottage was one of the point was always open to his and acquaintances when the owner was there. If the story should reach Hardscrabble through complaint on the part of one of the town people there might be trouble. With a gesture of despair he opened the door and called Sadie into consultation.

"See if you can't fix things up," he pleaded. "Don't give in unless you have to, but as a last resort—well, I suppose I'll have to let you marry Jim."

With a hug and a kiss, Sadie darted to the window and threw up the sash.

"It's all right, Mart!" she called. "I'll ride down with you and get the ring."

"I told you as a last resort," groaned Fallon. "You might have talked him out of the strike."

"Small chance of that," laughed the girl as from the roundhouse came the puff of the exhaust. "As official strike breaker of the road I saw long ago that only complete surrender would be effective."

"Strike breaker!" grunted Fallon.

"There would have been another strike this morning," she explained. "The telegraph department and the train dispatcher were going out in sympathy."

"It's darned little sympathy you have," growled Fallon. "What do you suppose Hardy will say if he hears of this?"

"He promised me a wedding present if I broke the strike," answered the girl calmly. "He called this morning to know what the trouble was, and I told him."

For a moment [illegible] pondered the situation, then he [illegible] in his foot, with a sigh.

"There won't [illegible] more strikes," he said. "I'm afraid I'm family now."

Why She Sang the Hymn.

A well-known bishop relates that while on a recent visit to the south he was in a small country town where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the ladies preferred to do their own work. He was awakened quite early by the notes of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which enabled his hostess to go about her task early in the morning singing such a noble hymn. At breakfast he spoke to her about it and told her how pleased he was.

"Oh, law," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft and five for hard."—Judge's Library.

No Time For Anything Else.

"So you think his intentions are serious," said the father. "Do you know anything about his habits?"

"Yes," replied the girl's mother; "that's why I think his intentions are serious."

"How do you mean?"

"His principal habits seem to be calling on May and writing to her."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE WEASEL.

His Ferocity Unbounded and His Courage Invincible.

The weasel is the most bloodthirsty of all our native carnivora. His ferocity is unbounded, his courage invincible. He is one of the few British wild animals from whom man has to fear attack.

If you meet a group of weasels you will do well not to interfere with them, for those who have done so have occasionally suffered for their temerity. His dwarfish size rather accentuates rather than diminishes the detestation in which he is held, for there is something uncanny in the idea of so much relentlessness and cruelty being compressed into so small a frame.

The rabbit, who will fight a fierce and bitter battle with one of his own kind, is paralyzed with fear at the mere sight of this puny foe, whom he could probably pulverize could he brace his heart to the attempt. Squealing with fear, he hops stupidly about until the little vampire springs upon his neck and buries his fangs in an artery.

Then the victim either sinks to the ground and submits to his fate or, suddenly acquiring the use of his muscles, he speeds aimlessly along, the weasel clinging to his neck till his work is done. There are few more pitiful sounds in nature than the panic stricken cry of a rabbit when he finds that he is being stalked by a weasel.—London Answers.

CANDLES POPULAR.

The World Uses More of Them Now Than It Ever Did Before.

The "tallow dip" of our grandfathers is no longer made of tallow, exactly. It is made of stearic acid, which is only one ingredient of the tallow that grows in the sheep and in the steer.

Neither is the "tallow dip" of today a real "dip." They used to take long wicks and dip them in hot tallow, time after time, till the candle had acquired the proper thickness. Today they run hot stearic acid into molds and make a hundred candles instantaneously.

The "tallow dip" on the market today, therefore, would be more accurately described if it were called a "stearic acid mold." But nevertheless it remains a tallow product. It is the direct lineal descendant of the "tallow dip" of our grandfathers. And it is still so popular that just about 130,000,000 pounds of tallow, according to the calculation of one of the best informed manufacturers of Chicago, are consumed every year in the candle factories of the United States. Although gas and kerosene and electricity have deprived the candle of a large part of the popularity to which it might be entitled, it is probable that in both hemispheres today there are more candles shedding their mild and humble radiance than in any previous period of the world's history.—Technical World.

Too Enthusiastic.

Edwin Forrest once produced a play called "Metamora." Supers were engaged to personate Indian warriors, and among them was a bright Irish lad who had a deep admiration for the great tragedian. At a point in the play where Metamora asks, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the supers are supposed to grunt "Ugh! ugh!" The stage manager had carefully drilled them in what they were expected to do, but on the night of the performance the young Irishman was so transported by Forrest's acting as quite to forget that he was impersonating an Indian. When Forrest turned to the assembled warriors and thundered forth, "Am I not the great chief of the Pottawatomies?" the Irish boy's enthusiasm broke through all restraint. He leaped into the air with a wild shout and, twirling his tomahawk about his head, replied, "Begorra, ye are!"—London Standard.

Water on Gibraltar.

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious looking white patch which led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armor plated. It is really a catchment for rainwater to increase the reserve of water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles driven deep into the sandy slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel 2,000 feet long and is delivered into reservoirs on the western side. The yield to the inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.—New York Tribune.

Billville Office Rules.

We never return rejected articles. We get a dollar a ton for them at the paper mill.

Write on one side of the paper only. When the other side is blank we can figure up our losses on it.

Subscribers who have not received the paper in three weeks or more should inquire at the sheriff's office, where a reason will probably be given then.—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Accounting For It.

"No," said the stubborn man, "nobody can alter my regard for Jiggins. He's a man you don't meet every day."

"I admit that," replied Markley, "but I attribute it to the fact that I loaned him $10 several months ago."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Faint Resemblance.

"Ah, my boy," said the purse proud individual as he handed round the Flor de Toofas, "that's something like a cigar!"

"Yes," responded one of the victims; "what is it?"—London Opinion.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Willie and the Whumps.

By W. F. BRYAN.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"What are whumps?" demanded William, his infant mind thirsting for information.

"Whumps," replied Tim Mason, "are beings like men, but they are all clock work inside."

"Winds up?" interrupted Willie. "Winds up with a key?"

"With a big key," assented Mason with inspiration. "They steal little boys and make the little boys wind them up every half hour day and night. When the little boys are so tired that they can't wind any more they eat them and then start some more little boys."

"Clocks don't eat," scoffed the infant scientist.

"You have to oil them, don't you?" defended Tim. "That's it," he went on as Willie nodded assent. "They only eat very fat little boys."

Willie glanced at his own plump person and then looked up in alarm. "Can they run fast—faster'n me?" he demanded.

"How fast can you run?" demanded Tim, with a glance at the oval path around the lawn. Accepting the hint, Willie traversed the oval as rapidly as his pudgy feet could carry him.

"They can run three times as fast as that," declared Tim. "Come to think it over, some of the whumps can run three and a half times faster."

"Then I won't run away into the woods nearby," promised Willie, and he trotted solemnly around the corner of the house to play in the sand heap in the back yard.

Bess Farley dimpled deliciously as he disappeared.

"It was all I could do to keep my face straight," she said, with a laugh. "I don't think we will lose Willie again, as long as we stay in camp. It was an inspiration, Tim, but what would the president say?"

"I'll go to join the 'antura fuklirs,'" was the laughing reply; "but, at any rate, I shall not have to waste afternoons hunting for Willie that might be far more pleasingly spent on the porch with his sister. Getting lost in the woods eight times in two weeks betokens that the wandering is becoming a habit with the youthful William."

"A habit to be checked only by the whumps," suggested Bess. "Let's walk as far as the spring and see if we can see any of the curious beasts. I suppose I need fear no danger?"

She glanced complacently at her slender outfitting, and Mason smiled. "You wouldn't grease one pinion of one wheel of a whump," he said. "So let us pursue the whumps to their lair."

Together they left the camp and insisted into the woods—those woods which so irresistibly attracted Bess Farley's small brother. It was Willie's first season in camp, and his voyage of exploration invariably resulted in lost bearings and a rescue party. Confident that the fabulous whumps would keep the youngsters at home, Tim and Bess made their way to the spring with no thought of Willie, but his sharp eyes soon pulled upon the new and his active mind sought fresh employment. He wandered over to the edge of the inviting woods and gazed invitingly into the cool green passages.

In the trees the squirrels chatted, and he could hear the frogs croaking solemnly in the marsh just beyond the road. Perhaps if he was very cautious he might evade the dreaded whumps. He was such a little fellow, he might be able to hide if they chanced his way.

There was a lovely big green bullfrog in the marsh. Perhaps even now he was sitting on a tuft of grass fairly begging a small boy to throw stones at him. With the delightful feeling of adventure Willie cast discretion to the wind and slipped into the shady spaces.

But no big frog was amiably waiting to become a target. Willie could hear them croaking, but not even a baby frog offered itself to his aim, and the boy wandered on. He found a new charm in the woods, since at any moment he might be called upon to flee from a whump, and he pressed onward.

Suddenly his heart stood still for one awful instant. From the bushes just beyond came a sound of voices suddenly raised in hue and cry. Willie dodged behind the bush, scarcely daring to breathe lest his respirations bring about his discovery, but the sounds died away in the distance, and, growing bolder, Willie crept forward and beheld the lair of the whumps.

It was a rather inviting spot, not at all what one would expect in the clockwork beasts. Three white tents were pitched in a little glade opening to the lake. On the shore were boats and canoes, while about the tents were easy chairs of rustic manufacture.

The only fearful object was a kettle swinging from a tripod over the fire. This probably contained the last victim of the whumps' cannibalistic tendencies, and Willie shuddered as he thought how narrowly he had escaped a similar fate. He was still congratulating himself upon his safety when without warning some of the whumps burst into the open, and Willie's blood chilled as he saw that they bore as captives Bess and Tim. The latter were brave. They were both laughing and joking and trying to pretend that they did not care, but that was all make-believe, Willie knew.

One of the whumps forced Bess into a chair and another forced upon her a reddish drink that they drew from a bottle submerged in the spring. That must be poison that they gave their victims to render them unconscious, one dreadful little moment Willie hesitated, then he burst into the open.

"Please, Mr. Whump," he called, precipitating himself upon the man who was trying to make his sister drink. "Please don't kill Bess! Let her go and take me. I'll wind you up. Honest I will. You don't want her. She is such a skinny thing."

A roar of laughter greeted his appearance, and Bess blushed redly at his personal allusion. The campers were puzzled, but in French Mason explained the bugbear that had been created to keep Willie out of the woods.

"It's a shame to tease him," cried Bess, touched by the boy's willingness to sacrifice himself for her. "These are not whumps, Willie."

"Yes, they are," he insisted. "I can hear the clockwork ticking." He was clinging to the leg of Bess' captor, Jim Brace, and after one quick glance the biggest of the whumps caught the situation. "He hears Brace's dollar watch," he explained as he rolled in the grass in his glee and his fellows howled with delight. That dollar watch had been a standing joke ever since they had come in camp.

Brace smiled as a sudden thought struck him. "I am a whump," he admitted. "I am the chief, or mug whump. There is but one means of escape from my awful power. It is well known that whumps never eat persons who are married or engaged to be married. I must ask this lady if she is a bride or a bride to be."

"Neither," said Bess firmly, with a defiant glance at Tim. She knew that the boat club boys had guessed Tim's admiration for her. Indeed it was an open secret to all. When the boat club boys had caught sight of the pair making their way to the spring and had laughingly captured them and carried them off to camp she had been rather glad of the intervention, for Tim for the hundredth time had been pleading his cause, she liked him—to herself she confessed that she loved him—but she was unwilling to assent to an engagement. This seemed painfully like a forced issue.

But Willie was determined to save her life. "You're not engaged," he insisted, with a [illegible] at Tim. "Please, Bess, let [illegible] And mine, too." [illegible] Tim, [illegible] at the chief.

"Please, dear," [illegible] at Brace. "I am engaged," [illegible] the mug whump.

When the [illegible] had [illegible] and eyes [illegible] had [illegible] with Tim, Brace turned [illegible].

"In consideration of the great service you have rendered one of our members," he said solemnly, "I as mug whump tender you the freedom of the forest. You will not even have to wind my watch, which is an all day job for a grown man."

"I'm so glad," said Willie beamingly, and Bess and Tim silently echoed the sentiment.

A Kaffir and a Beating.

Just as a Kaffir is slow in locating pain which is being experienced in his own body, so is he slow in laughing what others are suffering. A grown-up Kaffir related, says Dudley Kidd in "Savage Childhood," that when he was a child his father threatened him with a beating if he did something or other.

The child was puzzled as to what sort of thing a beating might be, for, although he had often seen his bigger brothers beaten, his imagination was unable to work on the slight and reconstruct the experience of these others into terms of his own senses.

When his father threatened him, therefore, he simply laughed, for he had not the remotest idea of how a beating really felt. It took a very short time for the young gentleman to extend the boundaries of his knowledge.

Swift retribution followed the unpardonable sin of showing disrespect to his father. As the children go about entirely bare, there was no delay for preparation. The father took a stick and applied it vigorously, "according to directions," and with entire success.

"When the tears and smarting were over," said the Kaffir in his old age, "I sat down and thought it over. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'now I know what father means by a beating. I don't know what is the reason of it; but, anyhow, I know what sort of a thing a beating is. I often laugh when I think how stupid I was before that.'"

Very Sympathetic.

The manager of a shop in Lewes stood in the doorway the other day when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and said:

"I want you to do me a favor. I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes and go around to the next street and work a house for half a crown. I've an idea that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I am sure of it."

"Very well," said the shopkeeper. "Just leave your leg here, and I'll take care of it."

The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley.

Five minutes later he rang the doorbell of a house in the next street, to have it opened by the man he had just seen.

"Wh-wh-what!" he gasped.

"Very sympathetic family lives here," quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over. The man sat down on the steps and strapped it on, and as he got up and stumped through the gate he said to himself:

"I've heard of coincidences since I was a youngster, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet at once."—London Answers.

THE COAL SACK IN THE SKY.

It Is Visible Because It Contains Nothing That Is Visible.

Immediately below the lower stars of the group which forms the Southern Cross there is a black patch in the sky, dark, sack shaped and mysterious. Scientifically accurate astronomers explain that it is not a patch, but rather something which becomes visible by reason of the anomaly that it contains nothing that is visible.

The lay mind, preferring bald reality to abstract truth, is somewhat startled to learn that an object is seen because there is nothing in it to see, but no one can dispute the fact. The coal sack is visible because it contains nothing that is visible.

In other words, it is a vast hole in the stellar system in which there is not even a pinch of stellar dust to shed a flicker of luminosity. It is typically and absolutely the quintessence of blackness.

Because it is so, and in contradiction of all preconceived notions, the human eye can see it without the aid of a telescope or other instrument.

Between the stars of the Milky Way there are many little holes in the stellar system—little by comparison, that is to say—but one must have telescopes and patience to find them. One need only cross the line to the southern hemisphere and locate the Southern Cross in order to see the coal sack.

With the wealth of legendary tale and fable woven around the northern stars by the highly gifted races gazing on them through the ages [illegible] one is tempted to speculate what tales would not have been constructed around that fathomless mystery had it appeared north instead of south of the equator.

When it rouses the poetical impulse within the brain of aboriginal Australians, what might it not have done with the ancient Greeks or still more ancient Egyptians? But they were denied it. The aboriginal uses it as he uses most things, in a topsy turvy fashion. To him the world is a flat plain crowned with a dome-shaped roof.

When a man dies he has to go up to the roof and slowly journey over it until he can clamber down to the flat again and squeeze through once more a man. The coal sack is the hole he goes through to get on to the roof, and to get up to it is a very long climb.

The journey over the roof is also very long, and it is hard to squeeze through when he reaches the flat again. So long does it take that by the time a man has completed the journey not only his hair, but his skin, has grown white with age.

Wherefore the black fellow who has made the journey rejoins his tribe as a white fellow. Thus it was that when the white man first came to the land the aborigines regarded him as a long lost comrade.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Biggest of All Animals.

The sulphur bottom—or blue whale, as it is better called by the Norwegians—is not only the largest living animal, but the largest that has ever lived, reaching a length of eighty feet or very rarely a little more. Whales grow much larger than this in books and newspapers, but in actual life not one in a dozen even of the species attains a length of eighty feet. The popular idea of a whale is that it is a clumsy animal, but, as shown by models, it has the graceful lines of a yacht. The total weight of a whale is about sixty tons, and unusually large and fat individuals must reach at least sixty-five tons. The largest animal of the past so far discovered is the great Dinosaur brontosaurus, and this big reptile weighed about thirty-eight tons.—Museum News.

Why He Never Married.

A matinee girl from Chicago looked up from a long and painful study of one of Clyde Fitch's autographed sentiments into that author's face.

"Mr. Fitch," she began mournfully, "I know why you have not married."

"Tell me, I would like to know."

"Certainly. It must have happened this way: You wrote a proposal of marriage to a beautiful leading woman in one of your companies. You should have proposed in person. But you wrote. She couldn't read your writing and thought it was a dismissal from the company. She drowned herself, and you are still unmarried."

The dramatic author thoughtfully rolled a cigarette.

"It is as good a reason as I know," he responded.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Painter Man.

Mark Twain at a dinner at New York once talked about the troubles of housekeepers at the painting season. He said, "If you are a housekeeper, I don't need to tell you that when a painter has taken up the parlor carpet, removed the furniture from the dining room, leaned two ladders against the hall mantel and stacked a half dozen variegated cans of paint on the sideboard it means he is now ready to paint the outside shutters and the back fence."

Almost as Bad.

"Was no one injured in the railway collision, county?"

No. Nevertheless it was a most painful situation. First, second, third and fourth class passengers all mingled together. Simply unheard of!"—Transatlantic Tales.

Heart Interest.

"That play," remarked the critical person, "lacks heart interest."

"It does, eh?" answered the star. "You just ought to see the way the manager is taking the box office receipts to heart."—Washington Star.

Whom fortune favors the world favors.—German Proverb.

There is something about Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup that makes it different from others as it causes a free yet gentle action of the bowels through which the cold is forced out of the system. At the same time it heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat and lungs. It is pleasant to take. Children like it. Contains no opiates nor narcotics. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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The Girl Across the Aisle.

By E. H. HOUGH.

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RETURNING to my car as the train started, I noticed that I had neighbors across the aisle, apparently a well dressed, gray haired and bearded man, his wife and their daughter, the latter so lovely that I stared at her until my persistency provoked a keen, fierce glance from her father, whereupon I withdrew my gaze, and he resumed his newspaper. Immediately the girl across the aisle glanced around, and I intercepted a flash from a pair of dark eyes instinct with what seemed like fear or entreaty.

But not even the beauty of my fair vis-a-vis could successfully divert my mind from the painful theme upon which it was dwelling with a consciousness of humiliating failure.

The cashier and confidential man of a large business house had absconded with half a million dollars in cash and negotiable securities, and simultaneously the only daughter of the firm's senior member had eloped with a worthless suitor.

My firm was not professionally interested in this branch of the case. We were to trace the absconding cashier, described as twenty-seven years of age, tall, slender and dudish, heavy black mustache, smooth shaven cheeks, while certain memoranda evidently forgotten and discovered in a secret compartment of his desk seemed to render the task of overtaking him a matter of little time and ordinary skill.

My assignment on the case was a high compliment, and I had been sanguine of success. But most of the clews I followed ended in a "pocket," my carefully formulated theories and hypotheses proved fruitless, and while debating as to what I should do next I received a peremptory telegram directing my immediate return to headquarters.

While ruminating thus I fell to drumming with my fingers on the arm of the seat. Instantly the girl across the aisle looked up, darting a keen, inquiring glance at me. Her lips moved as though repeating some formula, and as I kept on drumming her excitement visibly increased. Just then her father, looking up from his paper, frowned at her and, glancing over at me, lifted his forehead, wiping his other hand toward the girl.

For a while I kept up my drumming, and while the girl did not appear to notice me I could see that she was listening intently; her lips moved, and her expression varied from one of hope to the deepest depression. For the want of better occupation I continued the experiment awhile, finally ceasing altogether, whereupon she sank back against the seat, pale and inert.

By and by the cars stopped again, and my attention was attracted to a boy on the platform jerking a rosined string through a drum shaped piece of cardboard—a sample of the basketful he carried and which he was demonstrating with a zeal and volume of discordant sounds that rivaled pandemonium. Instantly the girl across the aisle—that was the side nearest the station platform—became violently ex-

INSTANTLY THE GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE LOOKED UP.

cited. The blood rushed to her cheeks and tears to her eyes. Touching her father's arm, she exclaimed eagerly:

"Papa, papa, buy me one of those pretty, noisy playthings!"

I fancied I detected a sinister gleam in the man's eye, but he answered roughly:

"No; that thing is only for boys and children."

"Oh, please, please, papa!" she persisted, clasping her hands. "I must have it! I want to see if it will sing for me. Quick, quick, before he is gone!"

As she would not be pacified and some of the passengers were looking at her, her father smiled grimly and thrust one hand into his pocket.

"Anything to please a fool!" he muttered. Opening the window, he bade the boy outside toss up one of his infernal machines, snatched it from him, threw out a quarter and shut the window.

"There!" He tossed it in the girl's lap. "See how long that will amuse you." As he resumed his paper I watched the girl across the aisle with a new interest coupled with growing mystification.

She turned the toy over and over, held it to her cheek and lips, her face instinct with passionate yearning, then slowly and timidly drew the string back and forth, producing a succession of short, jerky, rasping sounds, which she gradually tempered and softened. Finally, tiring of watching her, I resumed my pastime of drumming with my fingers. Instantly she stopped, regarded me eagerly, then, sadly shaking her head, dropped her crude plaything in her lap.

What was the girl trying to do? A look into her set, tense face scouted the idea of anything so trivial as a flirtation. When I stopped drumming she resumed her performance; when I drummed she was quiet, listening intently, but with evident disappointment. Giving up the riddle at last, I leaned back, with folded arms. Immediately, with a most inexplicable look toward her father and toward me, the girl across the aisle resumed, with an air of desperate determination, the same unvarying iteration of sounds and pauses until the performance became almost intolerable. Indeed, it was getting upon my nerves, and I was contemplating an appeal to her father when I stumbled into the light. Her maneuver was making its way not upon my nerves alone, but upon an inner consciousness, slowly responding to the magic code. I began to follow and analyze that rhythmical succession of sounds and pauses until I was able to recognize, distinguish and translate them. The girl across the aisle was communicating through her crude plaything telegraph messages to me!

Noting my expression, she stopped, then flashed a significant glance toward her father. Obeying her unspoken injunction, I busied myself with a book, but in a moment she was at work again, and her message read:

"I am trying to speak to you. Do you understand?"

My response was to cast a bewildered glance at her. Instantly she turned her face from me toward the window, but I was on the alert for the next message.

"Drum with your fingers on the arm of your seat as you did before. I can read that. Don't look at me."

Here was the last link in the riddle, I quipped.

"I understand you. How can I help you?"

She appeared not to notice me, sitting with her hands relaxed, apparently lost in reverie. But another message soon followed.

"This man who pretends I am crazy is not my father but an old man—only twenty-seven. Read again."

I paused. "Yes," keeping my eyes on my book. Then her improvised telegraph spoke again.

"He robbed my father, abducted me and will force me to marry him as soon as he is safe from capture. He threatens to kill me if I try to escape or betray him. His name is Jeremy Saunders. Have you understood?"

Had I? If ever I needed nerve it was then. On my return home, defeated, baffled, I found myself by a freak of fortune hot on the trail. Across the aisle, so near that I could touch him, yet so secure in his disguise that he could mock me to my face, sat my quarry, while to this girl, his prisoner, had come the heaven sent inspiration we both needed.

Steadying my fingers by an effort, I rapped:

"Yes. Your name next. Will aid you with my life."

"I am Alice Osgood," she responded. "The woman is Saunders' sister. We alight in Rochester, and unless help comes quickly I am lost."

I consulted my time table. We would reach Rochester in an hour.

"Do you fear arrest and temporary detention?" I rapped.

"I fear nothing that will free me from this man," was the prompt response.

"Very good," I replied. "If in mortal power I will free you. Say no more. It is risking too much."

As I rapped the last words Saunders flung down his paper.

"Be done with that infernal din!" he exclaimed. "It is past all endurance!"

"Eh?" said the girl wearily. "The tune won't come, and I'm sleepy!" She lay back, with closed eyes.

"About time!" I ejaculated. "Will you have a cigar with me in the smoker? I'm feeling a bit dotty myself."

"Thanks, no. I dare not leave the girl. This is the first outing for three weeks, and I swear it will be the last."

"I don't blame you. Well, I'll have a smoke and dispose of this thing." I took the toy gently from her lap. "So long."

Passing through the train to the telegraph operator's car, I sent a code message to the Rochester authorities:

"Arrest man, woman and girl alighting from car Cumberland, train 47. Will signal. Send man who knows me. Farnham."

When I returned to my section Miss Osgood was still sleeping and Saunders reading, but I managed to engage him in conversation until we reached Rochester. Then he made a sign to his sister, who shook Miss Osgood none too gently.

"You alight here?" I said. "So do I. We may see more of each other."

"I think not," he answered shortly. "I stop over but a few hours."

As his sister was arousing her charge I rapped one more message.

"Stumble when you reach the station platform. Cough if you understand me."

A brief suspense, then Miss Osgood sat up, coughed sharply and shot a look at me. The woman fairly jerked her to her feet, and we proceeded, Saunders first, I behind him, and the others following. Glancing through the end window, I spied three men scanning the cars. On the platform Miss Osgood stumbled, falling heavily against me. Instantly I caught Saunders by the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Here they are! Take it!"

One officer seized Saunders, and as his sister tried to drag the girl away I caught her arm, jerked her around and in a moment she and Miss Osgood were prisoners.

After the first gasp of astonishment and fury Saunders fought like a demon. He plunged one hand in his pocket and shot it out toward Miss Osgood, who was close beside him, but I struck his elbow, sending the object flying, then, springing past him, secured it. It looked like a fountain pen, but proved to be a hollow tube with a sharp metallic tip and filled with poison. One prick of that tiny feather on the girl's flesh and she would have been dead past all help. Handcuffs were finally snapped on Saunders' wrists, and we were all marched off to a vehicle in waiting.

Committing Miss Osgood to the care of the prison matron, who took her to her own comfortable home, we kept telegraph and long-distance telephones hot for awhile. I was the hero of the occasion, receiving eulogiums from my chiefs and from Mr. Osgood, all of

SHOT IT OUT TOWARD MISS OSGOOD.

whom requested me to await their arrival. That evening I heard Miss Osgood's story.

"Saunders was my father's confidential man," she said, "and a secret suitor for my hand. I disliked and distrusted him. The day of the robbery he seized me on a byestreet, put me in a carriage and kept me somewhere right in the city, for several days. I overheard him when he thought I slept, telling that he had written father that I had eloped with a man I had long before dismissed. Finally we left Cincinnati, and he has passed me off as his crazy daughter and declared that when safe from pursuit he would force me to marry him to prevent father from prosecuting him."

"Tell no more if it pains you!" I urged as her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"It relieves me," she replied. "You were the first friend I found, and by that time I was nearly in despair. But from the moment I looked into your face I felt that I could trust you. I had studied telegraphy as a pastime, so of course I recognized your taps immediately. How I thanked heaven for that knowledge!"

"And I thank heaven that I took up the study when a lad, intending at that time to fit myself for an expert telegrapher," I answered fervently. "When I am thinking deeply I fall instinctively into the habit of keeping tally, as it were, with my fingers. But why did you not try to open communication with me in the same way?"

"I was afraid to risk it for fear Saunders would notice me and suspect what I was doing."

"What would he have done in that case?" I asked.

"Nothing that any one would be likely to notice. He would simply have pressed a tiny needle point into my arm, and I should have fallen back dead, while, as he took care to warn me beforehand, the only verdict would be heart disease. But when I caught sight of that boy with his wares I believed I could find the way, while inducing Saunders to believe that I was temporarily demented—as he evidently did—to catch and fix your attention until you discovered what I was really about."

"You certainly kept me guessing a good while," I said, smiling.

"But it took you so long to guess right!" she rejoined, with a sigh. "But, really, the greatest risk was when you began to reply," said Miss Osgood after a pause. "I feared that one of us might make some unlucky slip or gesture that would betray us and ruin all."

I stayed with Miss Osgood as late as her hostess would permit ere I bade her good night. When the various interested parties arrived the following day I was lauded to the skies. Mr. Osgood declared I had made him my debtor for life. Morning brought the news that the prisoners had made a simultaneous and almost successful attempt at suicide, but they were discovered in time and subsequently tried, convicted and sent to long terms of imprisonment.

When I bade Miss Osgood farewell two days later as she left Rochester with her father her sweet eyes confirmed his cordial invitation that I should be his guest at the first opportunity, and my chief very kindly made that opportunity an early one.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

This Common Game Is of Great Antiquity and French Origin.

Blind man's buff is of French origin and of very great antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 800 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in battle he used literally to crush his opponents.

In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encountered the Count de Touraine in a pitched battle, and, so runs the story, in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes.

He ordered his esquire to take him in the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his maillet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms he lavished favor and honors upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representation that formed part of the rude dramatic performance of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfolded pursuer, as, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, in some degree repeats the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name "blind man's buff."—London M. A. P.

HER ECONOMY.

She Wasn't Ashamed of It, but Didn't Like It Advertised.

"Of course," said the pretty schoolteacher who had just returned from her long vacation trip to Europe—"of course foreign labels slapped all over a suit case may give it an interesting look, and they certainly indicate that one has been abroad, but I don't feel very proud of the hoped for on my bag. The trouble with it is that I had to economize frightfully while I was in Europe in order to have the trip at all, and I had to stop at the very cheapest hotels I could find. It seemed as if those Europeans were determined to conduct a large advertising campaign through the medium of my suit case, for I couldn't escape their labels. I tried in every possible way to prevent the porters from getting hold of my luggage long enough to take it out from under my eyes, but they would grab it up, run away with it to some secret place and come back jauntily displaying another huge label stuck to it. In every case I noticed, with mortification and pain, that the cheaper the hotel was the larger the label it used. It happens that I have a few really swell acquaintances in New York, who know Europe like a book, and they'll take it all in at a glance. Of course I'm not ashamed of having economized, yet I don't exactly care to flaunt my poverty. I only wish the foreign hotels would allow us a choice in the matter."—New York Press.

War and Wain.

He was a gallant colonel of militia, but scarcely a good horseman. Owning one large and popular emporiums on even the best of Edinburgh's best streets does not of itself breed centaurs.

His mount was fresh to an extreme, and the silent figure of Sir Walter Scott, looking down upon the assembling troops from its marble pedestal, may well have expected to see an accident. That, too, was probably the thought of a small street urchin who loitered just out of reach of the prancing hoofs.

"Boy, get away!" exclaimed the ruffled rider testily. "Have you never seen a war horse?"

"Aye," came the answer, "but never a water rider."—Dundee Advertiser.

In the Smoker.

"What's my state? Wash—and the cleanest state in the whole Union."

"According to that," remarked the traveler from Pittsburg, "I hail from one if only for pigs—or literary men."

"Wealthy shippers ought to settle in my state," was the contribution of the Scotsman.

The man from Nashville closed the conversation. "This is too smart a crowd for me," he said, "and yet my state can beat any nine others you followers can pick out."—New York Times.

He Knew the Step.

A young constable arrived in a certain borough in Scotland and in the course of duty found it essential to apprehend a very old offender. Arrived at the police station, he ushered him into the cells with the comment, "Mind the step."

"One awa', man," said the prisoner, with contempt. "I kent the step afore ye was born."—Dundee Advertiser.

What She Was After.

"Of course," said the earl, "everybody will say that you married me for my title."

"Well," replied the beautiful heiress, "what do we care? I get it, don't I?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Foreign Hotel.

Bessie—They charge an awful price for board here, don't they? Billy—Oh, it isn't for the board. That is cheap enough. But they charge an awful lot for the air and scenery.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.—Lin Yutang.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Elizabeth M. North, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to F. H. Raymond of said Ceres Township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

F. H. RAYMOND, Executor.
Ceres, New York, December 12th 1907.

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